VOGUE

APRIL 15

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Test your beauty aptitude

The 60 U. S. Fashions chosen for the Brussels Fair

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JASMINE brand, Emba* natural white mutation mink . . . designed by **STONE & STONE**, New York



The palatine capelet reaches new heights in luxury with its ingenious turning of the world's most enchanting fur: JASMINE* brand, Emba* natural white mutation mink. *Trade-mark Mutation Mink Breeders Association Virginia Thoren Dress—Ceil Chapman Jewels—CARTIER

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...the sailor chemise,
flaunting its jaunty collar
a league or two longer
than usual. Black and white
checked cotton, an Avondale fabric.
Sizes 5 to 15. About $35.
At Bonwit Teller, New York; Sakowitz, Houston;
Bullock's, Los Angeles,
Westwood, Pasadena



MAMSELLE

by
Betty Carol

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

APRIL 15, 1958

COVER

This year's look for town,
for all good weather: the bright suit,
here in pinky-red linen, and in the form
that suits so often take now—
actually a well-jacketed dress.
(More about new suits in un-shy colours,
page 74.) This suit by
Herbert Sondheim, of Moygashel linen;
$100 at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres;
Sakowitz. Hat by Emme.
Charles of the Ritz Bright Pink lipstick
keyed to the hat-colour,
paler than the big pink of the suit.



RENÉ BOUCHÉ

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Lunching en route, Pat and Bette relish feeling like pampered guests.

Just four hours out of New York, B.O.A.C.'s silver winged DC-7C lands in Nassau.



Travel in fashion via Peck and Peck

Pat and Bette discover going by British Overseas Airways Corporation is no longer just a means of swift transportation. They're "on holiday" in British territory from the moment they board the luxurious airliner, attended by a staff schooled in Britain's art of gracious serving. Pat and Bette discover another plus. They travel dressed for arriving in clothes by Peck and Peck that are ready to go places as soon as they're on the ground. Both girls' fashions from Peck and Peck's Crest Collection. Pat chooses a White drip-dry jacquard cotton suit (left) spattered with Orange or Blue flowers as sunny as Nassau. 8 to 16. 25.00 Bette (right) wears fashion's newest flight — the chemise in cotton knit, printed in Blue-and-Green and back-belted. Also comes in Red-and-Black, Gold-and-Brown. 8 to 16. 22.95



Change of pace in Nassau's traditional carriage guided by Rufus, popular Island greeter.

Pat and Bette waiting to board their B.O.A.C. plane at N.Y. International Airport, spectacularly redecorated showplace at Idlewild.



Dresses from
The Crest Collection
at Peck and Peck



B·O·A·C's *official points to hill tower, once the lookout of Nassau's legendary Blackbeard the Pirate.*

HOWARD GRAFF



Liberty florals transplanted from Peck and Peck

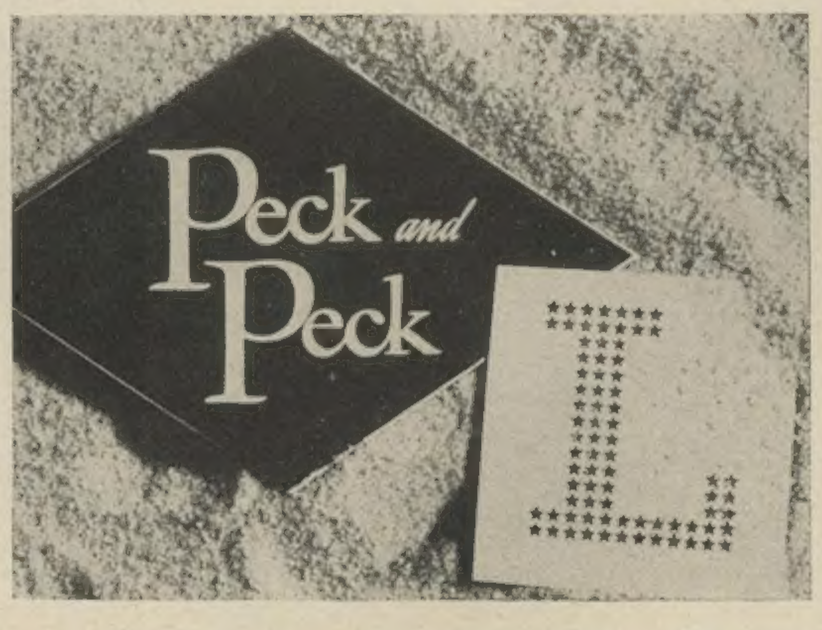


Pat and Bette go out in the midday sun, protected by their wide-brimmed town straws from Peck and Peck.

Pat and Bette find that part of the enormous charm of vacationing in Nassau is enjoying the beautifully ordered British way of life against the vivid, calypso backdrop of this sun-drenched island. They find, too, that the Liberty of London prints they bought at Peck and Peck couldn't be more appropriate. The floral patterns blend with Nassau's colourful gardens, and the cool lawn of the fabric is as serene and well-mannered as their new British friends.
Both girls wear Liberty lawns in patterns exclusive with Peck and Peck. Pat's dress (left) is scooped-necked with cutout organdy detail and flared skirt, subtly flowered on Blue, Gray or Navy. 10 to 20. 55.95
Bette's dress is slender-lined with softly draped neckline, printed in the new dark florals on Gray or Navy. 10 to 20. 49.95



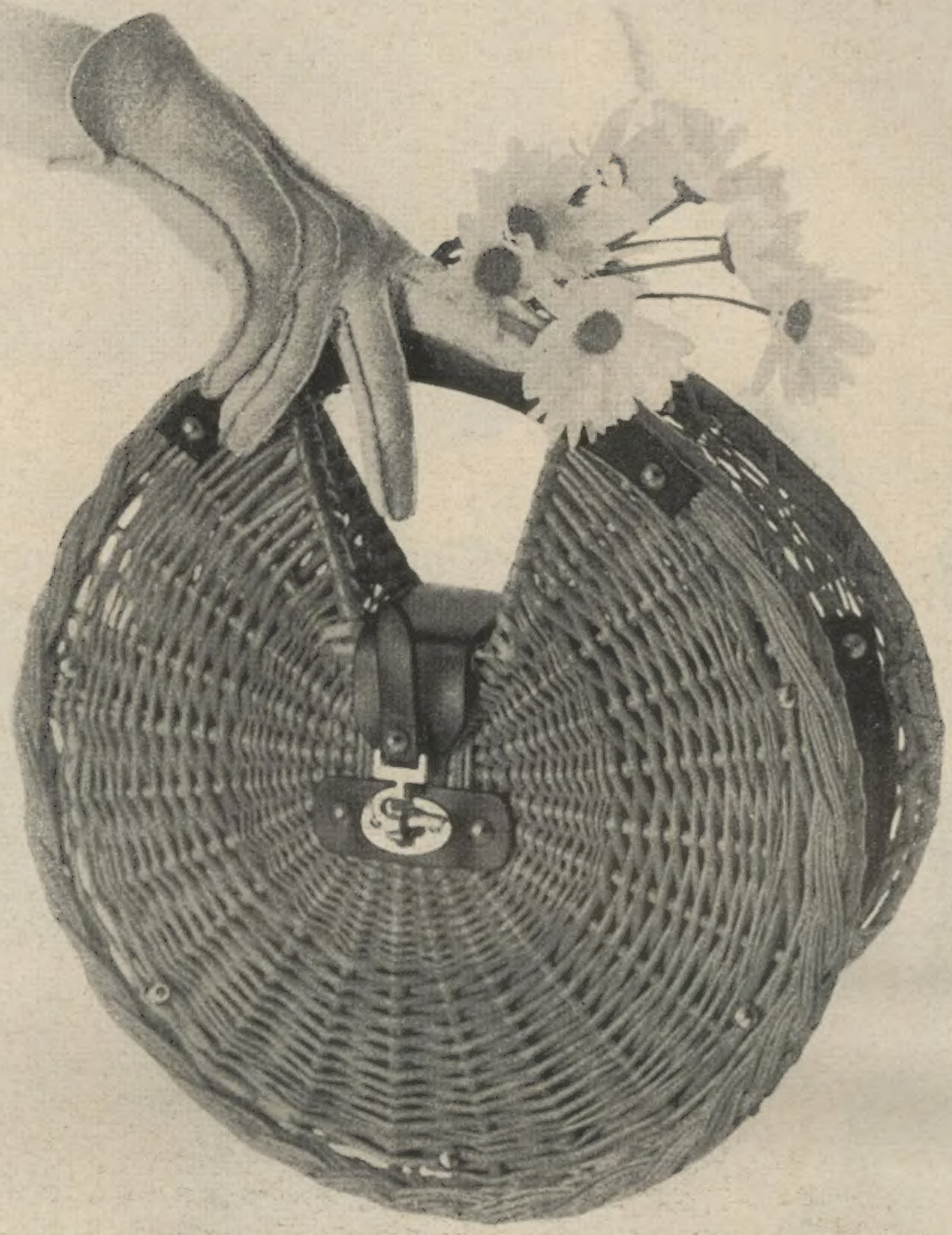
Small resident interrupts bicycle ride to chat with newcomers.



Pat and Bette leaving Government House, stately residence and official chambers of Nassau's Governor.

Peck and Peck has a full collection of Liberty of London printed lawns and silks.





Etienne Aigner

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Pressed powder made to order for you alone . . . at our beauty bar, and nowhere else!

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JEWELS OF



the HAMPTON

THE SEA SET



Smoldering threads of color, woven to cool shapes, to dip in the cool sea. Our Hampton Set: a draped sheath, 22.95, a sheath, 19.95, shorted swimsuit, 22.95

Rose Marie Reid





You feel it...

Your lips show it...

You know it...

You're beautiful

with



"24" lipstick

Oh, what a beautiful feeling when Coty "24" glides into your life and onto your lips! For *this* lipstick *caresses* . . . never drags or pulls when you stroke it on. Naturally moist, it feels as light on your lips as shimmering mist . . . never cake-y or heavy. And hour after hour, the "alive" color glows on and on . . . *stays* where it belongs . . . won't fade away, run away, kiss away.

Only Coty "24" gives you this beautiful look and feeling. Try it today—and you'll wear it always!



COTY "24" LIPSTICK 1.25
IN "PARIS ORIGINAL" CASES
TO 3.50 PLUS TAX

COTY...THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY DERUJINSKY

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Cole of California rainbow sheaths in Coloray pastels, super-colorfast to sunning, swimming, washing. Sculptured in elasticized Coloray-acetate-cotton by Rayflex. Young Cole sizes 3-6X about $6.95. Misses sizes (with Power Profile innerbra for stunning shaping) about $22.95. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; I. Magnin, Los Angeles and San Francisco; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Smartwear-Emma Lange, Milwaukee; and all stores listed for Cole swimsuits and The Colorful Life! Also see page 128

COURTAULDS
COLORAY®
Solution-dyed rayon fiber with Captive Color..."Can't Escape!"

destination—the colorful life with

DESTINATION The COLORFUL LIFE



You look wonderful. You wear a swimsuit in a whirl of soft Coloray® colors that can't ever fade in sunlight, surf or suds. What makes Coloray so colorfast? Courtaulds' method of solution-dyeing. Color is poured into the viscose solution from which Coloray fiber is made. As the fiber forms, the color's caged inside *never to escape!* That's why fashions of Courtaulds Coloray are colorful forever! The colorful car is a Pontiac with flashing grille and trim of Alcoa Aluminum and upholstery of never-fading Coloray fiber. Coloray, a product of Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

ALCOA, PONTIAC AND COLORAY

DESTINATION The COLORFUL LIFE



Aluminum marks the way to beauty. How beautiful can a car be? Pontiac's answers are written in the lustrous colors of sterling-toned aluminum for the grille . . . of golden aluminum for the flashing crest. Both are more durable than beauty ever was before, because this is Alcoa® Aluminum, anodized to the hardness of sapphire for a lasting accent to elegance. Inside and out, Pontiac uses more aluminum than ever before for Gleam and Go!

Cole swimsuits keep their colors undimmed, too—in gleaming aluminum yarns (right); and in Courtaulds Coloray®—the fiber with color caged in for life (left). Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

destination—the colorful life with

Cole of California sparklers by the sea. Brilliant shimmer of gold lastex fabric woven with yarns of Alcoa Aluminum in a fashion of evening-dress elegance, about $35. Bright stripes of can't-fade Coloray pink or blue in a sheath of Rayflex lastex, about $19.95—with Power Profile innerbra for a lovely contour. Sizes 10 to 18. Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Filene's, Boston; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans and Baton Rouge; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Rich's, Atlanta; Vandevers, Tulsa; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. and all stores listed for Cole and the Colorful Life. Also see page 128.

ALCOA

See these six pages come to life on *Alcoa Theatre*, NBC-TV, April 21.

PONTIAC, COLORAY AND ALCOA

DESTINATION
The COLORFUL LIFE



Cole of California, fashions for swimmers and sirens. A colorful ribbing of stripes in never-fading Coloray lastex, about $23.95. A blaze of black lastex of Alcoa aluminum with daring back plunge, about $35. Both beautifully figured with Power Profile innerbra Sizes 10 to 18. At Hutzler's, Baltimore; The Sample, Buffalo, The Higbee Co., Cleveland; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Burdine's, Miami and branches, John Wanna-maker, Philadelphia and branches; Diamond's, Phoenix; The Bon Marche, Seattle, and all stores listed on the preceding spreads—also see page 128

BIG BOLD PONTIAC

destination—the colorful life with



To the beach, to market—wherever you go all through your busy day—your Pontiac is the perfect reflection of *you*—and your colorful life: its sparkling color, hand-picked by you from more than 200 luscious combinations . . . the interior, so beautifully color-matched to your very particular taste in exotic-textured fabrics of Cortaulds Coloray® . . . all highlighted by sparkling Alcoa aluminum—stain-proof, rust-proof, worry-proof! It could only be you—in your Pontiac—no other car says so much about you, so colorfully.
Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation.

ALCOA, PONTIAC AND COLORAY



Nothing short of wonderful . . . this gingham-fresh blend of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton that performs with ease at home or away. It's neat and cool always! Keeps its pleats, and it's wonderfully wrinkle-resistant. The blessings of "Dacron" make these spring and summer pleasures possible. Also black, red, or navy with white checks. Sizes 8-14. About $55. At Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; John Wanamaker, Phila.; I. Magnin; Woolf Brothers; Burdine's; Halle Bros. Co.; Julius Garfinckel & Co.

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This **ADVANCE TRADE EDITION** *page*
from April 15 **VOGUE**

gives you the important fashion editorial features
from that issue and shows you how to use them.

Use these VOGUE fashion ideas in your newspaper advertisements, window displays, and spring-summer fashion shows. Select fashions from your own stocks to illustrate the fashion points VOGUE presents in the April 15 issue.

Use the "VOGUE SAYS" quotes on the next page
to headline your newspaper advertisements and display cards.

The 60 fashions chosen by Vogue for the Brussels Fair

American "slice-of-life" clothes selected by Vogue at the request of the U. S. State Department for the fashion show in the U. S. Pavilion . . . ranging from blue jeans, bathing suits, and golf dresses to a whizz-bang ball dress—all available in shops across the country (pages 57 to 69)

Un-shy colours in fashion

Bright suits, dresses

Un-shy colours in some of the season's best looks for a brilliant summer, including bright suits and bright dresses with their own jackets (on the cover; pages 74 to 77)

New colour deal

7 ways to summer clothes . . . high-living colours for a ship's sun deck, and American beachscapes (pages 96 to 101)

Maverick coats—bright travel idea

Two bright offbeat coats that travel without boredom (pages 86 and 87)

Shoes plunge into colour

Five exciting new summer shoes in exotic multicoloured stripes and prints (pages 94 and 95)

SUMMER STARTERS—MINI-PRICED FASHIONS

Six new silhouettes for summer featuring light and bright fabrics, no-blink price tags (pages 106 and 107)

NEW LACE-ACTION GIRDLES

Six ways a woman might manage the new shapes in fashion, disciplined by lace (pages 110 to 113)

FASHIONS IN LIVING

New table "jewels," sculptured silver by a famous Italian designer.

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ADDRESS TRADE DEPARTMENT, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, FOR QUANTITY RATES

VOGUE, APRIL 15, 1958, VOL. 131, NO. 8

Your release date: April 15

Here are the **"VOGUE SAYS"** *quotes for you to use in presenting your own spring-summer fashion collections. Use them in your headlines—in newspaper advertisements and window displays.*

For the Vogue-chosen American "slice-of-life" fashions for the Brussels Fair . . . from a 13 page editorial report.

VOGUE SAYS: "American slice-of-life clothes—bathing suits to ball gowns"
"American coat love—jersey"
"Swimming in flowers—new U.S. bathing-suit habit"
"Black organdie—international evening fashion"
"Sweater and skirt—weekend plan"
"Soufflé mohair—fabric sweeping the country"
"Packable elegance—black silk chiffon"
"Blue jeans—the American look on two legs"
"New scale of suit—chemised by jacket"
"Crash-colour coat—city, country, travel"
"The chemise bathing suit"
"T-shirt—American champion"
"Cardigan suit—American choice"
"The big party's big coat—brilliant satin"
"The maillot that fits like a nylon stocking"
"The shirtwaist dress—most American dress in the world"
"House pants—American indoor dressing"
"Tennis dressing—white piqué, yards of tan"

For the bright suits, dresses with jackets in un-shy colours—

VOGUE SAYS: "The bright suit—this year's good look for town"
"The good town suit—bright about colour"
"Town linens—bright, casual"
"Clothes that live on colour"
"Long-stemmed blue—city suit"
"The bright suit—bright about life in general"

FOR THE NEW SHAPE ARRANGEMENT—
Vogue Says: *"The black chemise—with a flutter of ruffles"*
"The flounced dress"

FOR A BRIGHT IDEA IN TRAVEL COATS—
Vogue Says: *"Maverick coats—to pick up a travel wardrobe"*
"Printed wool coat—to pick up a travel wardrobe"

FOR THE "SHOE PLUNGE IN COLOUR"—
Vogue Says: *"New summer shoes—plunge in colour"*
"Zebra stripes in black and white"

FOR THE NEW LACE ACTION GIRDLES—
Vogue Says: *"New lace-action girdles—disciplinary"*
"Girdles—with a firm grasp of the chemise-situation"
"Lace-action girdles—to manage the new shapes in fashion"
"All-in-one girdle—to make a figure chemiseable"

FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING—
Vogue Says: *"New 'jewels' for the table—diamond-shaped sterling silver"*

MERCEDES-BENZ

Joie de vivre



The 190 SL roadster, available as a convertible or with removable hard top.

Mercedes-Benz motor cars are distributed exclusively in the United States by the Studebaker-Packard Corporation and sold and serviced through selected dealers franchised by Studebaker-Packard.

Studebaker-Packard
CORPORATION

What a wonderful feeling...



fashions by

Jerry Gilden

LEFT: Easy feeling of the belted chemise, billowing in back. Crease-resistant, year-round woven plaid cotton by Wollman Mills. Black, navy or brown, with white. 8 to 18. $12.95

RIGHT: Carefree feeling of the sailor chemise, that truly wonderful step-in. The bow is bright red, the back belted. A Pushbutton blend of 65% Dacron, 35% rayon. Skipper/white, powder/white or white/skipper. 8 to 18. $14.95

LORD & TAYLOR *New York* | MARSHALL FIELD & CO. *Chicago* | WOODWARD & LOTHROP *Washington, D. C.* | NEIMAN-MARCUS *Dallas & Houston* | JOSEPH MAGNIN CO. *San Francisco*

cigarettes by

KENT

What a wonderful feeling to enjoy the rich taste of Kent's premium-quality natural leaf tobaccos. No wonder more smart people have changed to Kents than to any other cigarette in America!

KENT
CIGARETTES
NEW
EXCLUSIVE MICRONITE FILTER
KING SIZE

THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
Detroit

J. W. ROBINSON
Los Angeles & Beverly Hills

BURDINE'S
Miami

STIX, BAER & FULLER
St. Louis

RICH'S
Atlanta

What a wonderful feeling...



fashions by

Jerry Gilden

LEFT: The relaxed silhouette, gently gathered into a bow at the back. Arnel jersey, delightfully easy to care for. Fully lined. Tones of yellow, pink or blue, white ground. 8 to 18. $17.95

RIGHT: Wonderful feeling of summer, full-skirted and free. All-Dacron batiste by Renoir. Drip-dry, of course! Subtle tones of yellow, blue or pink. 8 to 18. $14.95

LORD & TAYLOR *New York* | MARSHALL FIELD & CO. *Chicago* | WOODWARD & LOTHROP *Washington, D.C.* | NEIMAN-MARCUS *Dallas & Houston* | JOSEPH MAGNIN CO. *San Francisco*

cigarettes by

KENT

What a wonderful feeling to smoke Kent,
because Kent filters best of all leading filter
cigarettes. It makes good sense to smoke Kents and good
smoking, too! Try the handsome convenient crush-proof
box, King size or regular packages.



THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
Detroit

J. W. ROBINSON
Los Angeles & Beverly Hills

BURDINE'S
Miami

STIX, BAER & FULLER
St. Louis

RICH'S
Atlanta

What a wonderful feeling...



fashions by

Jerry Gilden

LEFT: Elegant feeling of eyelet-embroidered cotton, falling gracefully in scalloped detail. Black, white, blue or pale yellow. 8 to 18. $17.95

RIGHT: Demure, wonderful feeling of the torso chemise, that exciting new silhouette. Permanently pleated skirt. Pushbutton 65% Dacron, 35% cotton broadcloth by Cohama. Canary, navy, beau blue, pecan or orange float. 8 to 18. $14.95

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MARSHALL FIELD & CO. *Chicago*

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Atlanta

Like ten thousand loving fingers

soothing *Beauty* into your hair



Every single hair gets gentle all-day care. Your hair's beautiful,
more beautiful by far with CHARLES ANTELL FORMULA 9 . . .
The professional massage captured in a jar. And why?
Your hair never gets a chance to become dry.
Over and over, Formula 9 penetrates. Rich, rich lanolin, super-lanolin,
seeps in, deep in where hair beauty begins.
Dawn to dusk, Formula 9 beautifies the hair, restores precious oils . . .
leaves tingling new life, new sparkle there.
Like ten thousand loving fingers soothing *life, beauty, health* into
your hair. For gentle all-day care . . . CHARLES ANTELL FORMULA 9
at cosmetic counters and beauty salons everywhere.

Charles Antell



FORMULA 9

HAIRDRESSING AND CONDITIONER

in Cream, Liquid and Spray form

the professional massage
captured in a jar . . . . . .
and introducing the new
convenient tube



Silk of the summer nights

Preview of summer: the man of 1958 will wear silk dinner clothes (at the club, he may prefer a white silk jacket), while she chooses airy, cool-of-the-evening silks in the golden hues—apricot, orange and tangerine.

***International Silk Association* (*U.S.A.*)**





fashion rated colors in...

TEXOLITE* PAINTS

Perfect setting for you—TEXOLITE Fashion Rated Colors! For your dress . . . your coloring . . . your own so-individual personality!

Perfect indication, too, that you are aware of the subtle ways of style—for these delightful new pastels take their inspiration from the fashions of the day.

America's best-dressed rooms are wearing them—and never were they so beautifully clothed in color. Never before have the fashionable women who live in those rooms been so radiant . . . so sure that once again they've made the perfect choice in colors. You will be, too, when you choose TEXOLITE Fashion Rated Colors. Ask your TEXOLITE dealer about them. Or write us—at Department 122, 300 W. Adams, Chicago 6, Illinois.

*T. M. U.S. PAT. OFF.

America's best dressed rooms are wearing them!

UNITED STATES GYPSUM
the greatest name in building



Peekaboo Linen . . . Daisy-Fresh Town & Country Shoes

NEW LINEN SERIES, POINTEDLY PRETTY ON FABULOUS HEELS. FASCINATION (TOP) AND FRONT PAGE (BOTTOM) BOTH ON THAT JUST-RIGHT HEEL THAT LOOKS HIGH, BUT ISN'T.
CASCADE (CENTER) ON THE NEWEST MID-LO HEEL. THE CLUTCH BAG, NEAT TRICK. TOWN & COUNTRY SHOES **8.95** TO **12.95** THE PAIR.
MATCHING HANDBAGS, FROM **5.00** PLUS TAX. WHERE TO BUY? WRITE US, TOWN & COUNTRY SHOES, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK.

America's Best Fashion Shoe Value



a goddess by *Barbizon*

Diana, the huntress or you need something pretty to dream in...
this gentle little sleeping shift is the answer. A superb minimum of pure uncluttered line!
Blendaire Batiste® of course, for whoever heard of a goddess ironing!
In white and in melting pastels, with imported lace. At your favorite store.

New field of influence in knits

from the Catalina collection of florals!

California hand pointed daisies

in nylon knit with Lastex.

"Floradorable"—22.95

Bolero cover-up—7.95

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13, Calif

Fine Swimwear and Sportswear

A division of Julius Kayser & Co

Catalina

LOVELIER BY DESIGN



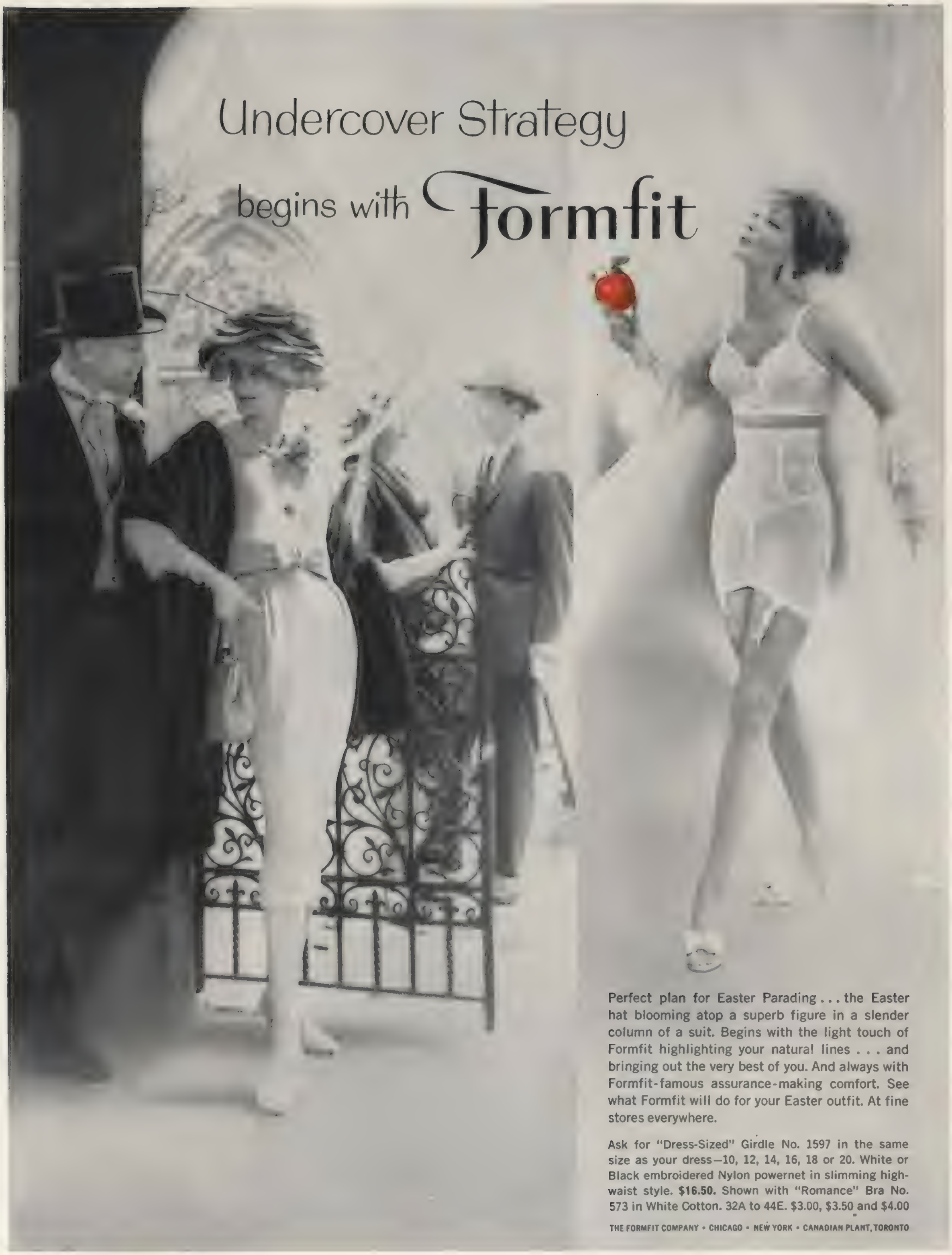

A
La
Carte
Abe Schrader
chooses a Galey & Lord double-woven cotton
for the perfect little restaurant suit
in the season's elegant trapeze silhouette.
Galey & Lord
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
Burlington
QUALITY
A MEMBER OF
BURLINGTON
INDUSTRIES

GO VIA Haymakers®

...you deserve them



Globe-trot in the elegant wedge-tie (about $16)... glide across countries in the graceful wedge-pump (about $16). At fine stores, or write Dept. V2, Haymaker Shoe Corporation, 47 West 34th St., New York 1.



Perfect plan for Easter Parading . . . the Easter hat blooming atop a superb figure in a slender column of a suit. Begins with the light touch of Formfit highlighting your natural lines . . . and bringing out the very best of you. And always with Formfit-famous assurance-making comfort. See what Formfit will do for your Easter outfit. At fine stores everywhere.

Ask for "Dress-Sized" Girdle No. 1597 in the same size as your dress—10, 12, 14, 16, 18 or 20. White or Black embroidered Nylon powernet in slimming high-waist style. **$16.50.** Shown with "Romance" Bra No. 573 in White Cotton. 32A to 44E. $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

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SUIT BY BEN ZUCKERMAN. HAT BY MR. JOHN

BRUSSELS WORLD'S FAIR COLORS*



Roberta designs to flatter...
redoubled by strategic white.
Elongated back torso. Misses
sizes 8-18. Van Eyck green,
Belgian blue, Ghent rose,
Courtrai blue, Bruges pink,
African orange. $35.

Lord & Taylor, New York;
B. Siegel, Detroit;
The Blum Store, Philadelphia;
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh;
McCurdy's, Rochester.

See page 131
for additional stores.

*Authentic colors, chosen by the Color Association
of the U.S. for these light weight,
airy, crease-resistant Belgian linens by Sichel.

In the background, the central theme of the Fair...
the Atomium 360 feet high (the atom magnified
150 billion times), nine bright steel spheres joined by
escalators to a restaurant in the top.

Sichel Linens
70 West 40th Street
New York 18, N.Y.

OF BELGIAN LINEN BY SICHEL



Jeane Scott at the fair...
looking young and pretty in a
tucked blouson, sashed at mid-hip...
by Margot. Junior sizes 5-15.
Bruges pink, Courtrai blue, Flemish flax,
Congo yellow, white, black. About $55.

Lord & Taylor, New York;
Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago;
Halle Brothers, Cleveland;
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh;
Joseph Magnin,
San Francisco.

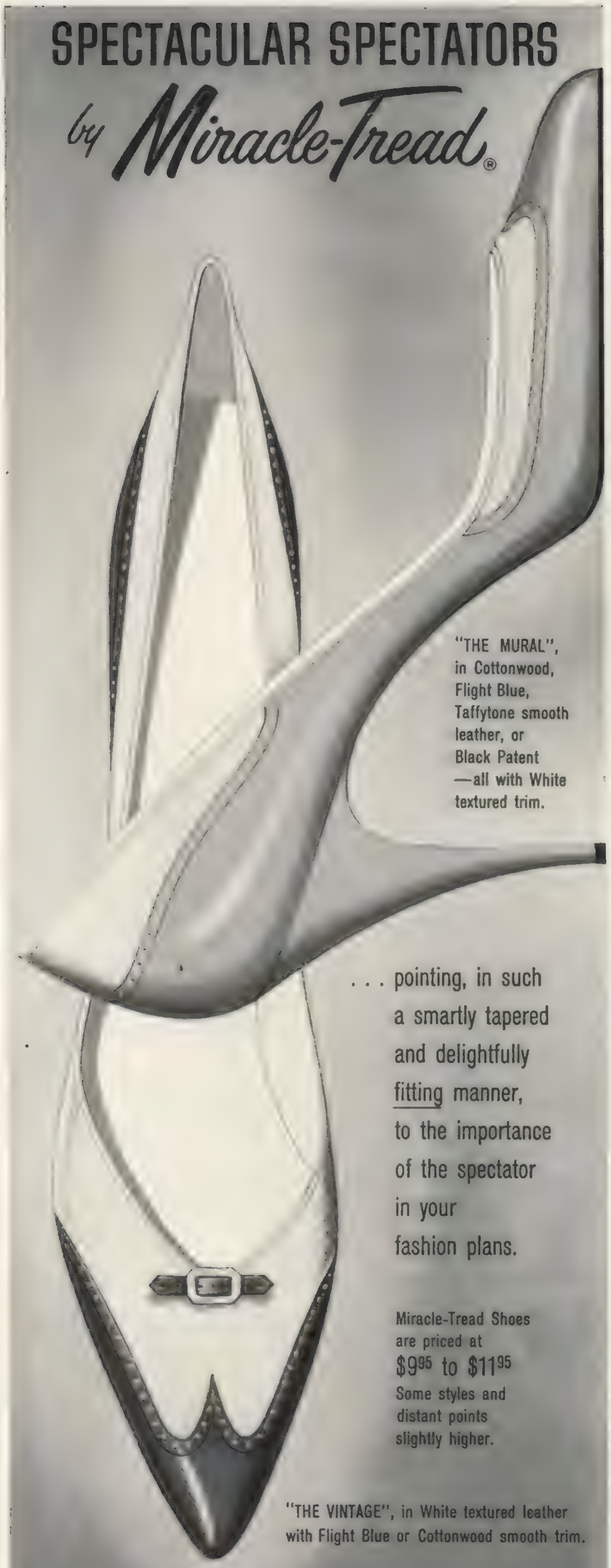
BELGIAN LINEN

serves with quality and fashion

The Belgian Linen Association
280 Madison Avenue
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SPECTACULAR SPECTATORS

by Miracle-Tread®



"THE MURAL", in Cottonwood, Flight Blue, Taffytone smooth leather, or Black Patent —all with White textured trim.

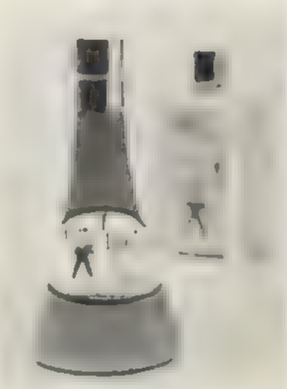
. . . pointing, in such a smartly tapered and delightfully fitting manner, to the importance of the spectator in your fashion plans.

Miracle-Tread Shoes are priced at $9.95 to $11.95 Some styles and distant points slightly higher.

"THE VINTAGE", in White textured leather with Flight Blue or Cottonwood smooth trim.

For name of nearest dealer, address:

MIRACLE-TREAD DIVISION Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Virginia





Discoveries in beauty

Word here of a new fragrance being issued under a tried-and-true label. The label is Dana's; the fragrance, Danita—a freshness of spring flowers laced with spice. It comes, as shown, in cologne form—light enough to work as an after-bath splash, but clinging; 4 oz., $4*. A spray version, to spray—like a halo of fragrance—around one's head and shoulders. $3*. Not shown here: a creamy new soap, blended with Danita (each cake, $1); and Danita dusting powder ($1.75*). Everything, at Bloomingdale's.

*PLUS TAX

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 102-103)



Above: Sheath and chemise pull-over, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38) from Vogue Pattern S-4874. In size 14, the dress needs 3⅜ yards of 35-inch material; the blouse, 2⅜ yards of 35-inch lace. $1.50.



Above: Vogue Pattern S-4885. Size 14 chemise takes 2¾ yards of 45" material. 10 to 16 (31 to 36); 11 to 15 (31½ to 35). $1.50. Vogue Pattern 9439, Sally Victor turban, comes in sizes 21½, 22, and 23, will take 1⅛ yards of 45-inch material. Price 75c.

VOGUE PATTERNS are to be had in shops cross-country, or by mail, postage prepaid: Dept. V, Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn. (Note: Connecticut residents must add sales tax.) In Canada: 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto. (Note: some prices may be slightly higher in Canada.) Add 5c for each pattern ordered if you wish shipment by first-class mail.

Season your summer with a Tastemaker

Tastemakers are cottons with flavor. This Tastemaker is our **Nimbus®** . . . a fine Pima cotton with a muted sheen. The dress, in Tahitian Blue and Spring Willow, about $55. Sizes 8 to 16. At Bonwit Teller, all stores. Also J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, and Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.



New York Model Wife gets first peek . . .

at the newest styles, models, flavors, colors of today's top products . . . knows they're dependable and buys them for her own family . . .



FPG

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!

MANUFACTURER



"I MADE IT

. . . and I knew I had to make it the best, most up-to-date product at the lowest possible price. Otherwise, people would start buying somebody else's product. I can't risk my business by making anything but the best."

DEALER



"I SOLD IT

. . . and I knew it would live up to its claims, because it's made a good name for itself. I don't like to sell unproved, untried products that may not satisfy customers. Satisfied customers build my business."

CUSTOMER



"I BOUGHT IT

. . . because I knew the name, knew it would be just what I wanted. I usually get the best selection, the newest improvements, and the real values when I stick to advertised brands. And I save time, too."

BRAND NAMES WEEK April 13-20th

Better buy by BRAND NAME the famous makers' names you trust!



FASHION LINE TO THE SUN



PREVIEW OF THE NEW WAY TO LOOK, THE NEW WAY TO LIVE AFLOAT—TWO GREAT NEW SEA-GOING RESORTS TO SOUTH AMERICA / **SS BRASIL and SS ARGENTINA**

COME ABOARD for a fashion preview of these two great passenger ships . . . the fastest and most luxurious yet to sail between the two Americas . . . built for Moore-McCormack Lines by The Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation.

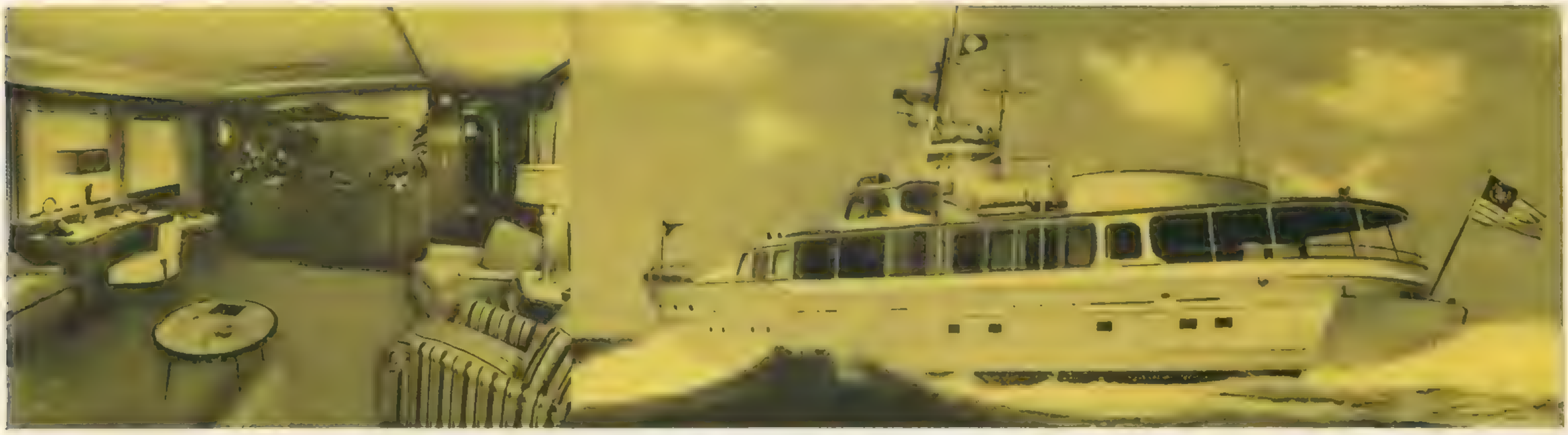
Ingalls has seen to it that "SS Brasil" and "SS Argentina"—each longer than a city block—embody all the craftsmanship and technical perfection of the shipbuilders' art. Nine spacious decks provide every comfort and recreation for 553 passengers, all in outside staterooms, all in one class—the finest. And as for speed, they'll clip a full week from the travel time from New York to Buenos Aires and return!

For all their impressive size, these two great ships have the sleek, sophisticated look and meticulous detail of a luxurious sea-going yacht such as the Ingalls-built "Rhonda III," pictured below.

INGALLS SHIPS . . . SERVE THE WORLD

THE INGALLS SHIPBUILDING CORPORATION

Birmingham, Alabama and Pascagoula, Mississippi



THE GRACE AND LUXURY of the Ingalls-built yacht, "Rhonda III," are reflected in the "SS Brasil" and "SS Argentina."

TWO GREAT NEW



LUXURY LINERS



SS BRASIL: Maiden voyage August, 1958. Her sister ship SS ARGENTINA sails south to summer in late fall.

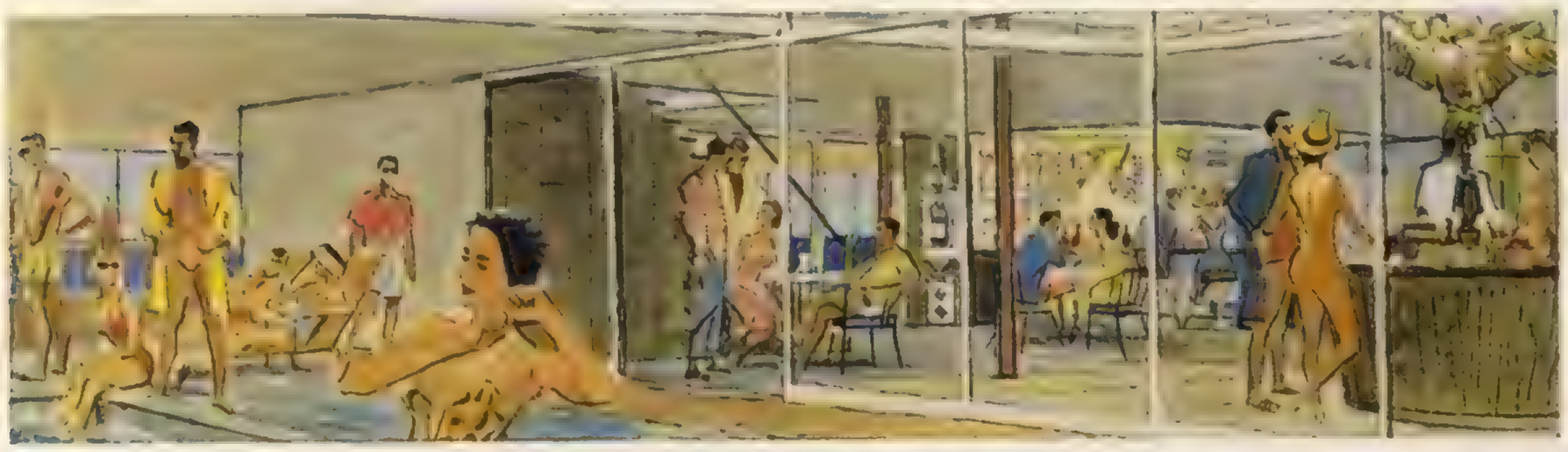
Mooremack announces

SS BRASIL and SS ARGENTINA—sea-going resorts to South America

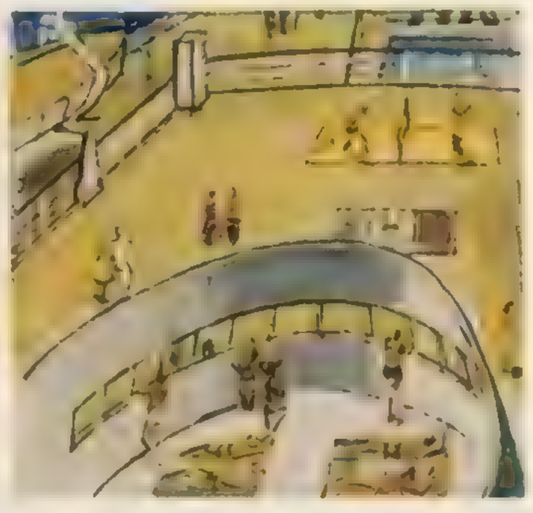
LAUNCHED: an altogether new way of life afloat. Two fast and fabulous *sea-going resorts* with wide, country club decks, outdoor restaurants, theater, night club café, shopping center—the perfect setting for your southern holidays.

World-famous Raymond Loewy Associates created curtain-going-up excitement with imaginative interior design, dramatic southern sun-and-sea colors. Great glass picture-window walls in the Promenade Lounges lend a sense of space unequalled in any other ships. These are exciting ships. And both ships are air-conditioned throughout.

Sail south to summer next fall. Why not plan now to exchange the ice and snow of a northern winter for long, lazy, nerve-unwinding days at sea and a holiday in South America's sunny summertime? The time, just one short month. The cost, no more than at a landlocked luxury resort. See your travel agent for schedules and reservations.



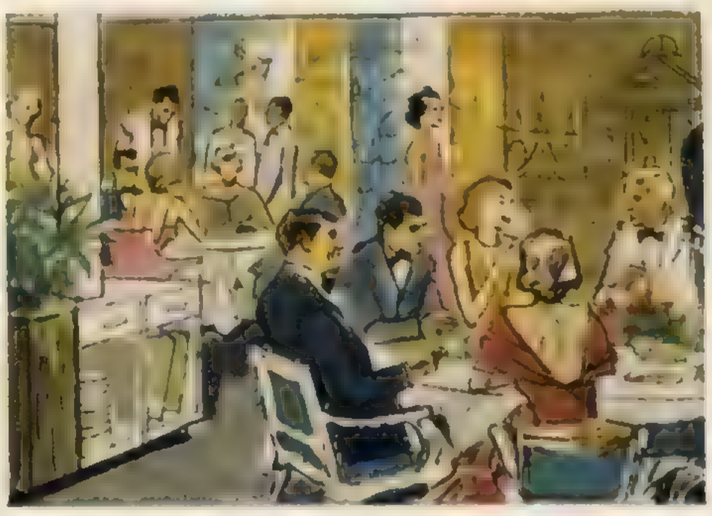
As you lunch by the pool you look through picture-window walls to spacious lounges. Evenings, the orchestra plays for moonlight dancing. A second pool in the Junior Play Center has its own soda-snack-bar and hi-fi dance records.



Country club decks for active "do-ers"—and dozers. Enjoy mid-morning snacks, afternoon tea and talk in your deck chair.



Oversize staterooms, all first class, all outside. A generous month's worth of wardrobe space. You enjoy individually controlled air conditioning or fresh sea air from open portholes.



Marvelous meals: Mooremack's famous cuisine, spiced with traditional Latin-American specialties. Service—experienced, instant, unobtrusive.

Sail with the sun on a sea-going resort.
Go MOOREMACK to South America.

MOORE-McCORMACK Lines

5 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

it's
easy to
draw
a man
with

PINK 'N ORANGE

not pink! not orange! Max Factor's outrageous
new color creation that captivated all Paris!

Got designs on a man? Then this is for you: The soft flattery of pink plus the brilliant excitement of orange—all in one shade. It's bold. It's feminine. It's the shade Paris says will make him yours, and the one shade daring enough to flatter you in all your new bright fashion colors. Max Factor brings you this different, delicious lipstick color! In his creamy, rich Hi-Fi formula that stays on . . . stays lovely 'til you take it off.

$1.25
PLUS TAX

only in **Max Factor's** new hi-fi Lipstick



The Blouse Beautiful Makes The Costume



and stay-fresh, wrinkle-resistant voile of
65% DACRON and 35% cotton makes the blouse

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



The woman of the year takes a new lease on loveliness . . . with blouses in airy voile of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton. For all their garden-party look and coloring, "Dacron" endows them with lasting strength, lasting neatness. They breeze through washings and drip dry so smoothly that ironing is optional. Whenever you shop for blouses of "Dacron" and cotton, be sure they contain *at least 65% "Dacron"*. Look for the hang tag you see here—it's your best assurance of *all* the benefits of this talented Du Pont fiber.

Gregory blouses . . . a variation on the theme of spring. Both in lemon, lime and orange print. *(top)* The bowfront chemise in sizes 10-16; *(left)* the shawled chemise in sizes 10-18. About $12 each. At Best & Co.; Chas. A. Stevens; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne Co.; Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Bullock's Downtown.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES THE FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR BLOUSES SHOWN HERE.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

tiz—

...the FIRST and ONLY

creme-and-color rinse in easy-to-use

AEROSOL SPRAY BOTTLE



The loveliest hair is

...NATURALLY... COLOR-KISSED by

tiz— Color Spray

NOT A TINT...NOT A DYE

Exciting new color casts are yours without mess or fuss this easy, new way. Just spray on...brush in...rinse.

Whatever the color of your hair, there's a shade of TIZ– Color Spray to make the *most* of it—*naturally!* Never, *never* is there a trace of "theatrical color" . . . just the ladylike loveliness of natural-looking, well-groomed hair . . . vitally alive with color highlights. TIZ– not only makes hair manageable, but conditions and improves texture to youthful softness. Washes out completely with each shampoo.

Beauty salons give more TIZ– applications than all other creme-and-color rinses combined. Yes, the loveliest hair is *naturally* color-kissed with TIZ–. So, for lustrous color casts, ask for a TIZ–Rinse your next appointment and get TIZ–Color Spray for home use between appointments. *$2.25 plus tax.* At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.

GRAY HAIR TRIO
corrects yellow streaks and casts.

Slate—adds light, smoky lustre.
Black—adds deep, smoky casts.
Perl—adds shimmering brilliance and lustre without changing hair color.

BROWN HAIR QUARTET
gives rich brown tones . . . never leaves a trace of orange or green.

Light Brown
Medium Brown
Coppery Brown
Dark Brown

FOR BLONDES AND REDHEADS
Blonde—like liquid sunshine . . . sweeps away drabness.

Copper—adds bright, coppery casts . . . leaves sparkling highlights.

tiz— PRODUCTS, INC. *A DIVISION OF M. PIER COMPANY,* FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

Canadian distributor: Park Distributors, Inc., Montreal

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.



Bright white...Jewelers' white stones set in golden encrustations. White is such instant fashion and flattery when done in the Golden Manner of Monet. Each piece bears the Monet signature. Regatta necklace 18.50, bracelet 10.00, earring 7.50. Prices plus tax.

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Master jeweler
at fine stores

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bur-mil **Cameo** stockings

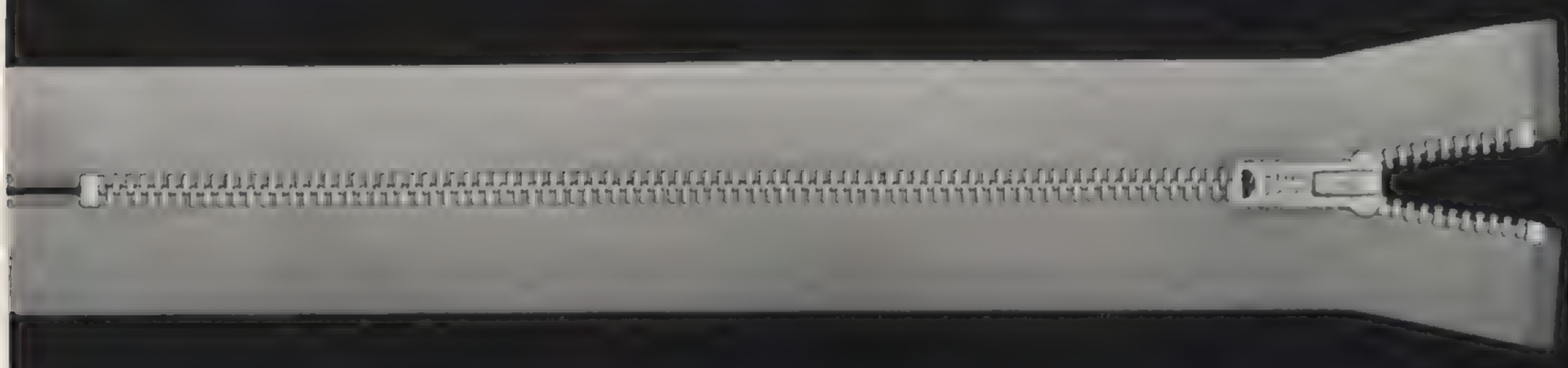
...bring your costume color
right down to your toes...
lure your legs to new loveliness.
Ask for the new Cameo stocking
tints. Left to right, a sampling
of Cameo's coordinated
costume colors: Sea Grass,
Coral Reef, and Grey Haze.
$1.35 to $1.65 a pair. Full-fashioned
and seamless—stretch, too.

THE HUE IS THE CRY!

BURLINGTON HOSIERY COMPANY, A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, INC.



The chemise look you want begins with your foundation garment and its GRIPPER Zipper. Together, they control your lissome lines. Though stronger, GRIPPER Zippers are thinner and flatter . . . will not cause bulges that mar your appearance. They are smoother . . . always slide easily up and down . . . always lock securely at the top. And the pull tab swings freely, but won't twist off. The lock on the slider can't catch and damage fabric. The fine enamel finish on GRIPPER Zippers stays fresh and new. Look for GRIPPER Zippers on the foundation garments you buy. A product of **SCOVILL**, Waterbury, Connecticut. Also makers of GRIPPER Snap Fasteners.



GRIPPER® BRAND ZIPPERS

For varicose veins

51 gauge

ALL-ELASTIC STOCKINGS

by Bauer & Black



So like regular nylons you'll no longer feel "different"

No longer are varicose veins a "problem" condition. Today's woman wears the new, sheer elastic stockings . . . and moves through her busy day (and evening) unhampered by pain or unsightly hose.

Sheer yet all elastic

Her secret: *51 gauge* elastic stockings by Bauer & Black. For these are the only full-fashioned, full-foot hose that employ the famous Bauer & Black principle of *all-elastic support* (with rubber in every supporting thread).

Naturally, more doctors prescribe Bauer & Black all-elastic stockings than any part-elastic brand. There's a style and price for every occasion—at drug, department, surgical stores.

Bauer & Black

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MAIL COUPON FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

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Send free booklet on the complete wardrobe of Bauer & Black all-elastic stockings for new leg beauty and comfort (from $6.90 to $16.95).

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For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

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The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun, adventure! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Dramatics, crafts. Trips. $375 $525, no extras. Outfit may be rented. Booklet (give age). C. A. Roys, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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On Torch Lake, Mich. Girls 7-18. 4 groups. Mature leadership. Riding in fee. Sailing. Wide choice land, water sports. Music, crafts, trips. Modern equipment. Brother camp, Fairwood. Catalog. Mrs. M. V. Eder, Owner-Dir., 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.

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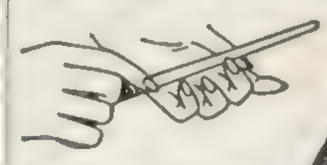
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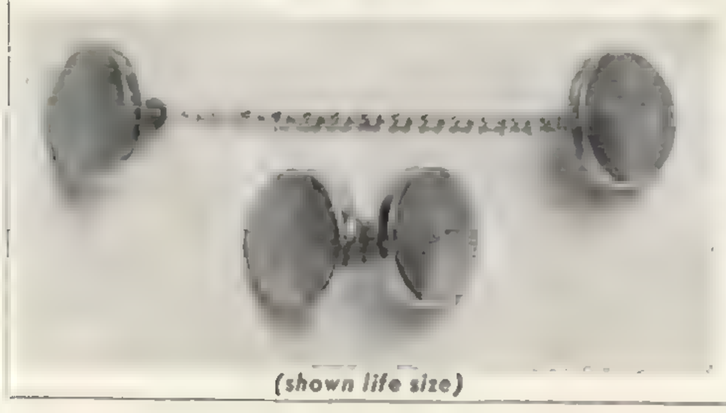
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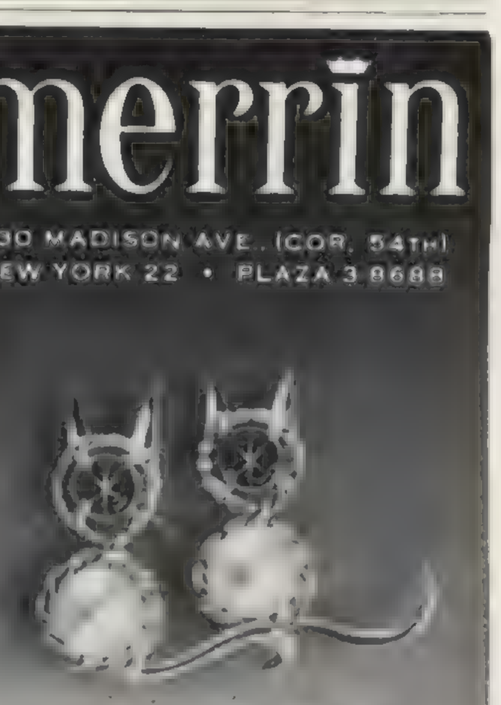
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LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR

CARON



THE PERFUME FOR SUMMER ELEGANCE

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KAZAN



Vogue's eye view of going to the Brussels Fair

We're so glad we were asked . . . asked, that is, by the U.S. State Department to choose American clothes for the fashion showings in the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair. Above, surrounded by dress boxes from Seventh Avenues across the country, is Lee Canfield, who will be Vogue's permanent representative at the Fair, on the spot to cue the show from the opening, April 17, until the last round of fireworks, October 19. Inside the boxes are Vogue's sixty-odd choices of American slice-of-life clothes. Strictly U.S.A., they range from blue jeans and bathing suits to a whizz-bang white ball dress; and all, incidentally, will be worn by American women in America this year. For more about the Brussels Fair and us, see the next twelve pages.

In Brussels, seen through the steel-ribbed roof of the French Pavilion, the Atomium, symbol of the new World's Fair. From the U.S., a bright blue rayon suit; worn here with its own blouse of checked cotton. By Adele Simpson, about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. Emme felt cloche.

Opposite: Four aspects of Belgium. Top: A small farm in the Flanders lowland, where the country is crisscrossed by canals, and the trees lean always to the east. Second: Coal mine in the Borinage, Van Gogh's black country; at the right, a *terril* or pyramid of mine refuse, one of many making false mountains here. Third: Slate-roofed village in the Forest of Ardennes, near Bastogne. Fourth: Near Bruges, a canal flowing higher than the fields beyond it, its waters held back by dikes and the rough-meshed roots of poplars.



Belgium 1958–the land,



the new world's fair, and us–



an on-the-spot report

FRESON



At the Brussels World's Fair:

These paintings, by living artists under forty-six, in the United States Pavilion, are part of four varied exhibitions of American art at the Fair. Some of these paintings are vibrant and unexpected, all were chosen by a jury consisting of Dr. Grace Morley of the San Francisco Museum of Art, Robert B. Hale of New York's Metropolitan Museum, and H. Harvard Arnason of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Vogue photographed this exhibition, organized by The American Federation of Arts, at Hahn's warehouse in New York, where the paintings were about to be fitted into exquisitely custom-made crates, all painted pale blue and cushioned like corsets.

(Top row, left to right) "BROADWAY RESTAURANT," by thirty-five-year-old Grace Hartigan, has an almost hysterical use of brilliant colour as though the painter were screaming. From the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.

"WALL PAINTING IV," by forty-three-year-old Robert Motherwell, whose work is a search "for a direct, mystical experience. . . . I am not interested in painting the embellishments of reality but in painting a direct, intense, single sense of oneness with it." Coll., Mr. and Mrs. Donald Grossman.

"SUN TRAP," by thirty-year-old James Boynton, is calm, richly painted, and rather aloof. From the Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio.

(Middle row, left to right) "STUKA," by twenty-nine-year-old George Mueller, is dark and rather secret, with no more explicit meaning than the spectator puts into it. Coll., Mr. and Mrs. Albert List.

"A SILENT BRIDGE," by thirty-seven-year-old Jimmy Ernst, is one of his careful analytical arrangements, with all passion spent into patterns, pleasurable and removed. From the Borgenicht Gallery.

"SOUND OF BLUE LIGHT," by forty-year-old Nicholas Carone, has boldness and proficiency, giving the viewer leeway to daydream about its content. From the Stable Gallery.

(Bottom row) "SEA DRIFT," by forty-one-year-old Lawrence Calcagno, has a sensuous, comforting, but hazy reality, lovingly brushed. From the Martha Jackson Gallery.



HERBERT MATTER

Paintings by 17 Americans

(Top row, left to right) "EVENING, MONTAUK, NO. 2," by thirty-nine-year-old Kyle Morris, seems like an astute improvisation, fresh, decorative, and secret. From the Stable Gallery.

"THE SHAH," by thirty-one-year-old Sonia Gechtoff, is an enormous, intense painting, in black and white, organized ingeniously.

"MEXICO," by thirty-three-year-old Lundy Siegriest, records his pause on the way from realism towards abstraction.

(Middle row, left to right) "TRIPTYCH," by forty-four-year-old Ad Reinhardt, is a quiet, rigourously disciplined painting which does not represent anything. It is meant to be enjoyed for what it is. From the Parsons Gallery.

"BERKELEY #24," by thirty-six-year-old Richard Diebenkorn, is casual in effect, demanding from its spectators only response to colour and vague form. From the Poindexter Gallery.

"THE COLISEUM," by thirty-nine-year-old Bernard Perlin, has a shifting delicacy of colour, remarkable draftsmanship, and a subdued but sinewy vitality. Collection, Hugh Chisholm, Jr.

"THE STRATEGIST," a collage and oil by forty-four-year-old Corrado Marca-Relli, has an attraction that comes from the cut-out doodles of blond canvas pasted on another canvas, with black paint sometimes outlining the contours. From the Stable Gallery.

"NEW YORK," by thirty-four-year-old Ellsworth Kelly, shows his exact, intuitive feeling for proportion, his hard line, his sharp rejection of emotionalism. A Kelly is as inflexible as an axe, as beautiful as a mathematical theorem. From the Parsons Gallery.

(Bottom row, left to right) "THE DRAGON," by forty-five-year-old William Baziotes, is clear, simple, its composition deliberately balanced, with nothing left to chance; its colours, light-touched and smoky. From the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"THE WEIR AND THE ISLAND," by forty-four-year-old William Kienbusch, has a racing intensity of reaction to nature. From the Metropolitan Museum of Art.





The Brussels Fair and US

In the American Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, twelve European mannequins will carry on each day a nonstop fashion show of American clothes chosen by Vogue not merely as fashion—though they are clearly fashionable—but as Americana. These are the slice-of-life clothes: There's the super-wife dress, for instance, that might walk the children to school or cruise the local A & P or Grand Union supermarket. There are dresses for parties, blue jeans for the country, a dress for golf, suits for swimming, pants for being at home, and the famous American split-personality dresses—they "go on" from where you are to where you're going, Red Cross meeting to luncheon, P.T.A. to dinner, office to cocktail party to theatre. They're the American look—on the record.

And this is how it happened. Last winter when our editorial mind was crisp and frosty, a melting letter arrived from the U.S. State Department, inviting Vogue to take over the full responsibility for choosing the clothes for the Brussels show, approving European models, and setting up what amounts to a capsule U.S.A. of fashion on the site of the Fair. Three times in the past, as a matter of fact, we have gone abroad at the Government's request with shows of American clothes—to Vienna, to Barcelona, to Berlin (270,000 Berliners saw the show at the German Industries Fair in 1955). Always the mannequins were engaged on location, revamped by American haircuts, stateside make-up, even U.S. girdles. They caught the American look so successfully that, in Berlin, the commentator had to make a point of saying the girls were *not* American.

This spring, for our biggest international venture so far, Vogue editors went to Brussels and scouted the Fair Grounds, pacing out the handsome pavilion (sketched above) designed by Edward Stone to house the U.S. exhibit. There, in the area diagrammed in red-and-black, far left, the models will wend their American way from balcony to pool to "living areas" in the exhibit, negotiating by boat or by float, the pool that is one of the major fascinations of Stone's architectural plan.

When Vogue returned from this reconnaissance, the next move was the fanning out of fashion editors to Seventh Avenues (or clothes markets) across the country. *Where*—and Fourth-of-July cheers are in order here—the response was thrilling. A girl-talk word, thrilling, but it is linked here to the impressive fact that the first run-through of fashions in Brussels will be a cross-section of clothes from over sixty American manufacturers and designers, who lend their clothes, freely. This is only the beginning. Between now and October, four complete, different fashion shows will see Belgium, three groups still to be chosen from three other groups of makers. . . . The furs, ranging from a dash of jacket for evening to an enveloping fur greatcoat, are the only aspect of the fashions for the show not shown in this issue of Vogue. They'll be there; but the fur makers, because they work on a different time-wave from others, will have their newest designs ready just in time for the Fair's opening.

Our cables read like this: "Mannequin Britt Christiernsson shoe size 40." (This, in American, means roughly size 8.) . . . "Okay LIFE photo mannequins rehearsing leotards and heavy sweaters." . . . "Delited fashion sho." . . . Our mail reads like this: "Please let me know if I can help."

Among the surprises were six dummies, papier-mâché mannequins stationed pool-side in Brussels. They hadn't a thing to wear. . . . Now we're happy to say that the six fake girls and the twelve real ones are dressed to the nines. And, as of April 17, American women visiting Brussels any time in the next six months will be able to see themselves as played by mannequins from Italy, France, Scandinavia, and other assorted states of Europe. Failing Brussels, see the photographs on the next four pages.

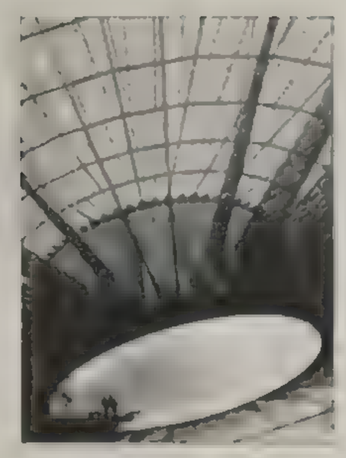
In Brussels, photographed at the American Pavilion (then still "in work"), this year's version of the great American shirtwaist dress (left) in red silk. Blasé about fit, it is belted at the front only. By Larry Aldrich, $90. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Elizabeth Arden Canary Red lipstick. Far left, flower market, Brussels: red-print of the U.S. Pavilion.

WILLIAM KLEIN





1. American beauty ball dress of red silk organdie for big summer parties, cross-country. **2.** Sashed and red, here, the country's mid-weather coat love: jersey.







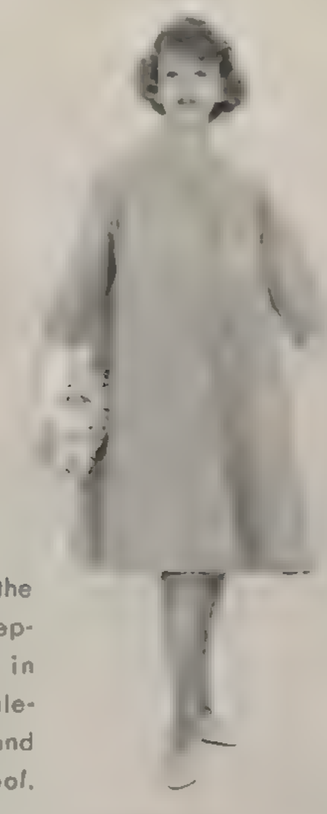
3. Swimming in flowers: new U.S. habit. Orange cotton suit; towelling jacket. **4.** At-home uniform, any evening: cotton shirt, long Paisley, cotton skirt, lightly glittered.





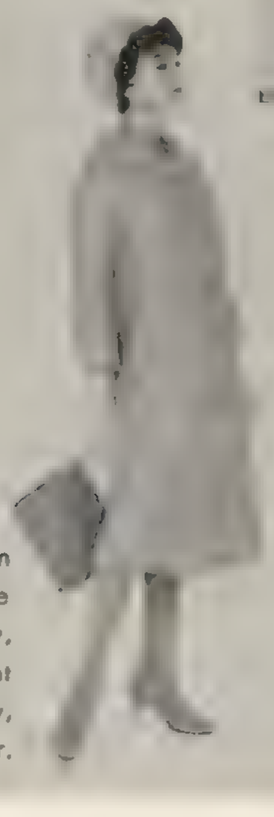
9. The silk dress that's both coat and dress—in a fresh fizz of dots. **10.** Day-night-spring coat in this-spring's bright pink wool. *Inset: "floating" roof, U.S. Pavilion.*





11. Three-quarter coat, in the fabric and the colour sweeping the country—soufflé in bright blue. **12.** Coat of pale-blue faille and a thousand evenings. *Inset: Fair symbol.*





17. Most American look on two legs: jeans. Here, at home with a Western shirt. **18.** City, country, travel: the coat that does it all, newly, smartly, with bright orange mohair.





19. Chemise bathing suit and a cut you'd know automatically—American as they come. **20.** Summer of the charming, able shirt dress in fabric that sees to itself.

Fashions chosen by Vogue for the Fair's U.S. Pavilion

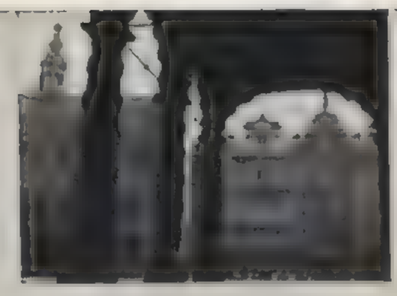
For details, designers, and shops where clothes on these pages can be found, see page 131.





5. Sail-cloth top, twill pants—for the country's thousands of women sailors. **6.** Most American dress in the world: the shirtwaist. This, orange chiffon; afternoons, evening.







7. Golf dress: obeys the rules, varies the colour—this, yellow Arnel sharkskin. **8.** Summer town look, 1958: turquoise linen eased-up suit. *Inset: Gothic Guildhall, Brussels.*



13. Dress that's a statistic in itself: American working woman's summer uniform—black linen. **14.** Evening dress, short—but not short of absolutely sensational.



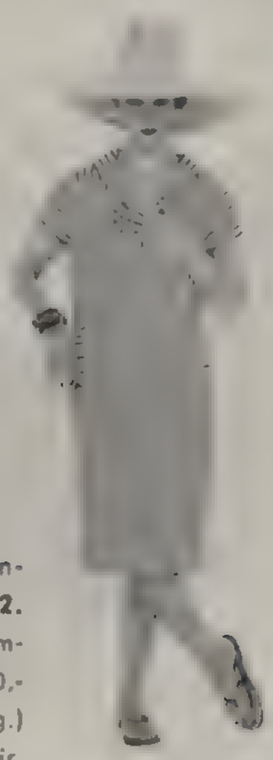




15. American summer weekend plan: sweater and skirt. Yellow mohair-and-nylon sweater; pleated skirt. **16.** Evening make-up: the big, short evening coat-cyclamen.

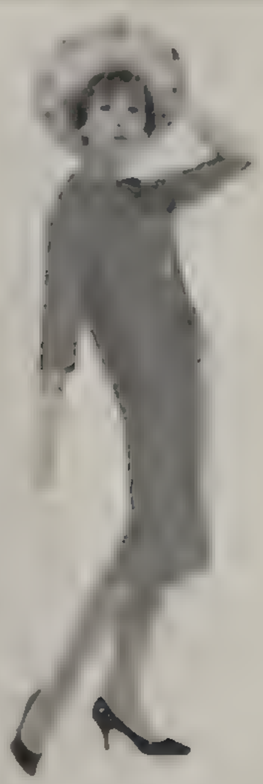




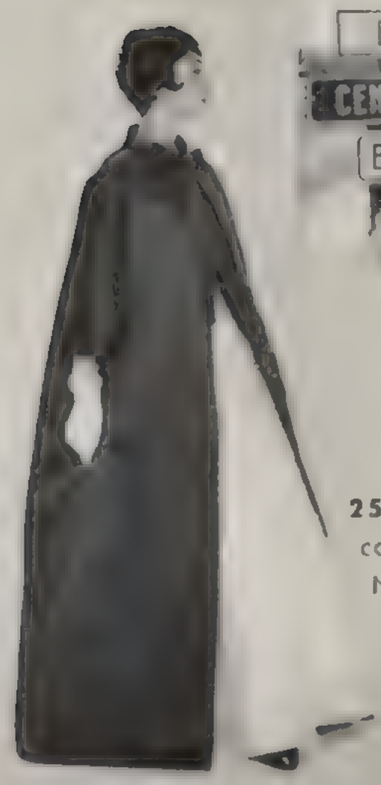


21. Dress-with-its-own-coat: now in red cotton. **22.** Red, white, and still champion: "T shirt" knit. (50,000,000 dresses can't be wrong.) *Inset below: road to the Fair.*





23. The short, bouffant party dress—notably shorter now. White organdie; red velvet ribbons. **24.** Pink linen: the news of the bright suit. *Inset left, the Fair's seal.*





25. The big party's big coat—emerald satin. **26.** No more distinguished chemise ever went to a party (or a fair): soft, sashed white crêpe

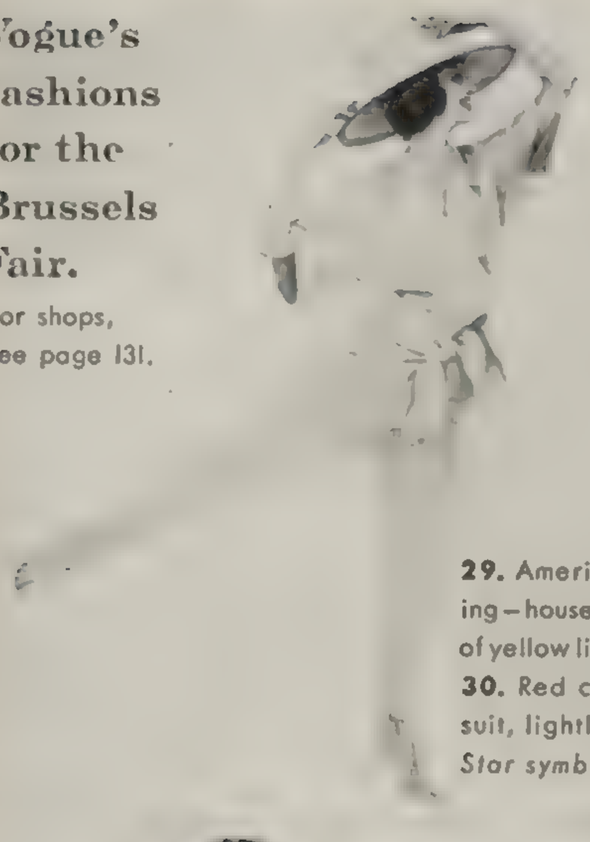


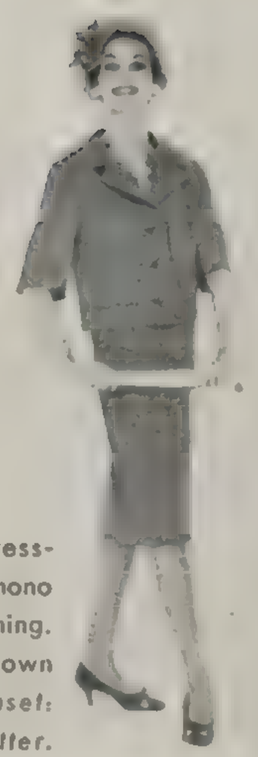


27. American by choice—the people's choice: Cardigan-suit idea. This, red and navy-blue tweed. **28.** One way for the short evening dress to have a pretty figure: pre-cut.

Vogue's fashions for the Brussels Fair.

For shops, see page 131.





29. American indoor dressing—house pants and kimono of yellow linen, pink-silk lining. **30.** Red cotton jersey town suit, lightly jacketed. *Inset: Star symbol—of Fair glitter.*

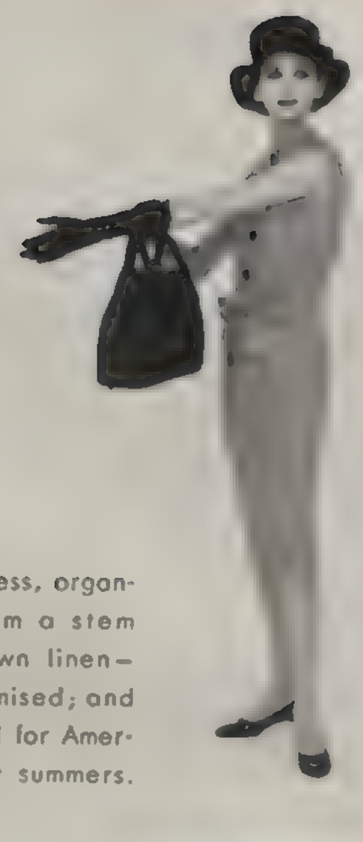


THE 1958 EXHIBITION COMPANY

10 RUE DU CHENE BRUXELLES

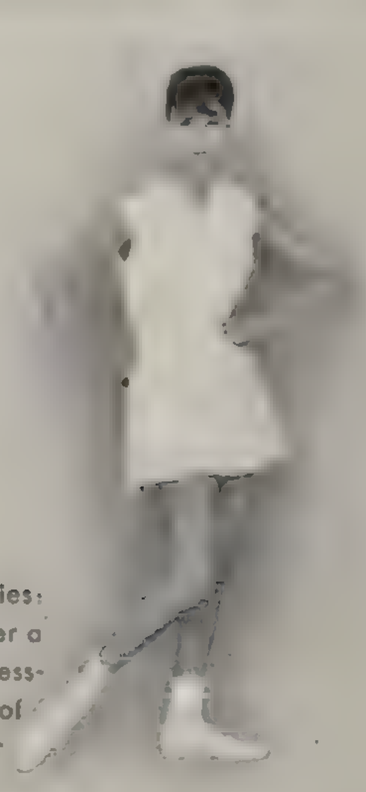


31. White ball dress, organdie tiered from a stem waist. **32.** Town linen—casual, chemised; and bare-armed for American city summers.





37. Short but for big parties: black lace falling free over a slim sheath. **38.** Tennis dressing—white piqué, yards of tan; American classic for American figures.



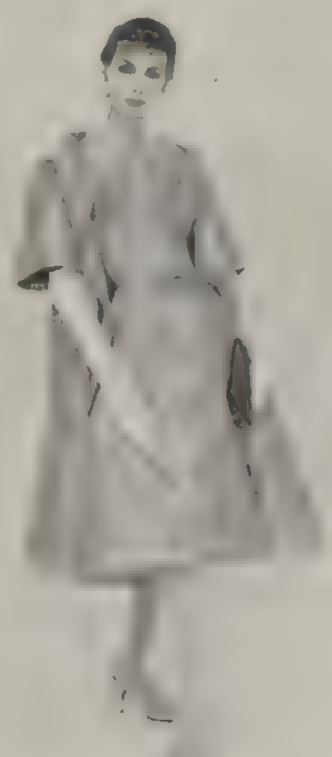


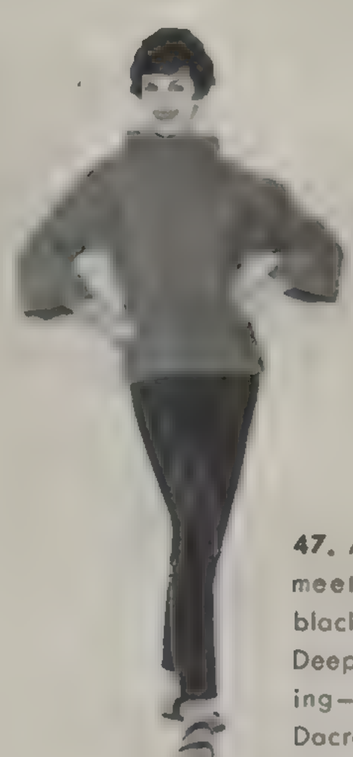
39. Chemise shape, hip-high pleats—orange cotton, weekend-in-the-country idea. **40.** Dry-off dress of black-blocked brown terry cloth, for beach, lunch, resort A.M.





45. At-home, slim silk pullover and sharkskin pants, a touch of Americanitis in the pink. **46.** For parties, for dancing—orange-red silk coat and dress; all-American.





47. At sports-car meets, this meeting—red mohair top, black kidskin car pants. **48.** Deep-country sweater dressing—green cashmere, white Dacron batiste dress under it.





53. Chiffon dress, fleecy coat—American habit a good 10 months of the year. **54.** American triumph—the maillot that fits smoothly as a nylon stocking.





55. Black crêpe dinner dress, day-length. **56.** Black rayon crêpe chemise—packs, travels, solves. *Inset: Atom Structure—Atomium—centres Fair, houses, restaurant, brasserie.*





KAZAN





33. Blue-green printing on cotton satin; blouse-back chemise; warmish afternoons. **34.** Red knitted nylon maillot, with red-orange cotton coat – U.S. shell collectibles.





35. Summer evenings, white piqué and eyelet batiste; umbrella flounces. **36.** Underwater flowers – green cotton chemise suit, a white terry-cloth coat to wear off-beach.





41. Marmalade linen shaped by flounce – likely to show up stateside, at Sunday lunch. **42.** Cities, resort – among the silky manoeuvrings for this white-dotted orange chemise.







43. Striped wool poncho coat lined in towelling, new kind of chemising for a swimming suit. **44.** Dotted black net smartness – new shape for little dances, in city or suburbia.





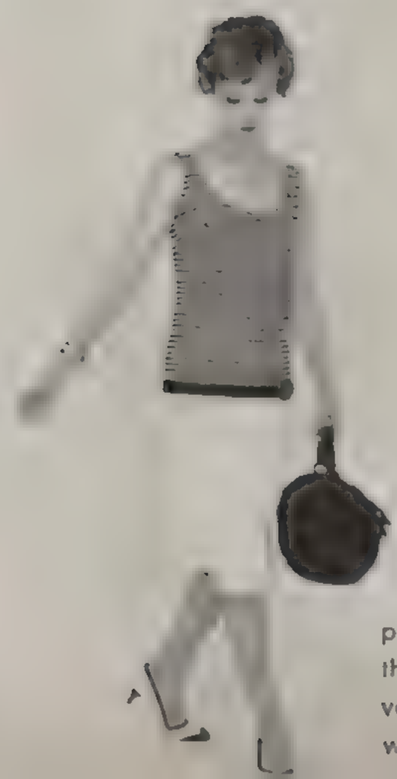


49. Firm linen tailoring, a city suit of bright blue. **50.** T-shirting pulled over tapered shorts – blue and white. *Inset: Motel-Expo going up 1 mi. from the Fair.*



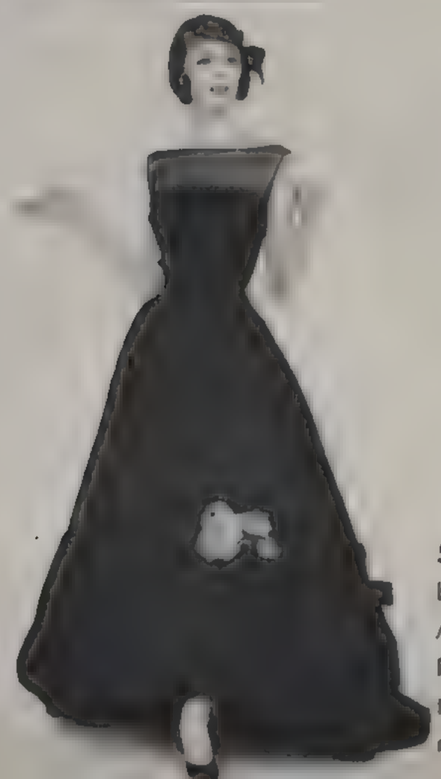


51. U.S.A. bloom – a little stem of flowers on silk, chemising for late-afternoon. **52.** Packable elegance – black silk chiffon, curled-under skirt, year-round companion, this.





57. Knitted cotton pencil stripes, jersey pencil pleats – pencilled for resorts, this. **58.** Sea suit, coat, converting beaches to gardens with wild blue cotton flowers.





59. Big-evening dress, of black organdie; fashion – American, international. **60.** Pool-side, a skirt buttons over this bathing suit; black-and-red handkerchief cotton.



In Brussels, at the French Pavilion
where construction crews walked the glass roof.
Scaling the ladder, a new scale of suit,
chemised by jacket; the skirt, finished by a
demi-firecracker flounce. By Ben Zuckerman,
of hyacinth-blue silk. Saks Fifth Avenue;
Neiman-Marcus. Lilly Daché cloche.
Opposite: Textured silk suit, as ready to travel
as a new passport, and pink besides. By Jane Derby;
about $160. Gloves by Superb. Both at Bonwit Teller;
suit, also at Hutzler's; I. Magnin.
Emme cloche of white felt, ribboned in stripes.
Rising in the background, the Le Corbusier pavilion.

WILLIAM KLEIN





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The revived phrase for an easy success, "in with Flynn." ... The highly remarkable bounce, the hard bang of the Moiseyev Dance Company, a troupe of one hundred Soviet dancers expected here, with their stopper, a comic, "Soccer." ... *The World Treasury of Grand Opera,* a fresh and compelling anthology, edited by George R. Marek who has included such bits of fun as the letter in which Verdi complained about some opera managers who, after a profitable twenty performances of *Aïda,* neglected to say even, "Thank you, Dog."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The amateurs at Harlem's Apollo Theatre where, from eleven to twelve on Wednesday nights, audiences volatile with screaming excitement or fury, watch a lively succession of players who give the place the air of old time vaudeville.... The pure, pretty lyricism of Moura Lympany's records, especially when she plays Prokofiev with a bell tone.... The fulminating charm of the big Renoir exhibition at the Wildenstein gallery for the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City.... France's best seller, *The Third Eye,* a fake history of a Tibetan lama, Lobsang Rampa, who wrote about the secrets of Tibetan mysticism, and particularly about his second sight and his third eye; the French pleasure in the book has been increased by the new knowledge that Rampa is in reality the son of an English plumber, named Hoskin.... The often funny new movie, *The Long, Hot Summer,* made up of a little bit of Faulkner, a little bit of luck, and a little bit of Tennessee Williams, with Orson Welles, resiliently amusing.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Heart Association's continual (and rewarding) heart therapy research, including hormone therapy for women after coronary attacks, new anti-coagulants, and dozens of other circulatory problems. Happily the Heart Association will benefit from the Heart of America Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York on April 29; Lena Horne will sing out a new song by Dorothy Fields and Burton Lane—"The Happy Heart."

ROBERT GRAVES *opposite*

A major English writer who has written for the last twenty-seven years, by his own count, at least five hundred words a day with every sentence rewritten at least three times. His latest, *5 Pens in Hand,* is a curious potch of some of his various mediums—stories, poems, essays, lectures. An imperious, impatient man, with a rumpled, distinguished air, he likes to act a bit, uses his clothes as a costume that amuses him no end. For this photograph, he hung on a doorknob his Yugoslavian fur cap of pale-grey dormouse, wore one of his three striped waistcoats, this one buttoned with seventeenth-century Spanish coins. A superb and pleasantly malicious gossip, especially about historical figures, he is a nonconformist scholar and a seeking reporter. The writings of Graves range from a dictionary of Greek myths to *I, Claudius,* from *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* to his magnificent autobiography, *Good-bye to All That,* of which two-thirds is given over to his World War I experiences in the chaos of trench warfare with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. After the war, he went to Oxford where he was a friend of Colonel Lawrence of Arabia. Graves wrote once that an American oil-financier came to Lawrence to ask one question: "Do Middle-Eastern conditions justify my putting any money in South Arabian oil?" To that Lawrence answered: "No." Before Graves settled down in Majorca in 1929, he taught briefly in Cairo where he has since been told one of his pupils was Colonel Nasser. The father of eight children, he finds at sixty-two that his youngest ones "look oddly at me when I tell them that I was born in the reign of Prince Charles's great-great-great grandmother."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The important exhibition of the work of Juan Gris, a stubborn Spanish artist of the first water who never really relaxed on cubism; now at the Museum of Modern Art before going on tour to Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.... This parlay of pop songs: "Honeycomb" to "Kisses Sweeter than Wine" to "Sugartime." ... The Wednesday morning TV program, "American Foreign Policy 101," conducted by Professor John Stoessinger, a master of the unconfined, undefined statement, often rich in clichés, that must leave some of his viewers without the "tragedy of decision"—they turn him off.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The pleasantest way to get theatre tickets: through the Damon Runyon Fund Ticket Service (Judson 2-5400) which has at least four to eight orchestra seats, never further back than the sixth row centre, for all Broadway shows for all performances; the cost, the box-office price plus a $10 to $30 contribution to cancer research.... The little boy who, ordered by his father to tuck in his shirttail, refused, saying, "I want to be a teen-ager."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *Fantasia Mathematica,* edited by Clifton Fadiman, who has collected for the tough-minded, but perhaps mathematically retarded, an intelligible book with its major delight, tales based on mathematics, naturally including Aldous Huxley's superb story, "Young Archimedes." ... The Hollywood producer who, when you say hello to him, is hard put for an answer.

HERBERT LIST

At a dinner party in our house, Abe Burrows referred to the musical accompanist he'd employed in his night-club act, "My musical accompanist was Milton DeLugg—yes, Milton DeLugg, of whom the immortal Toscanini himself once said, 'What's that name again?' "

At another of our dinners, Burrows, talking about *Can-Can*, the musical he was then writing with Cole Porter, said, "My job is to make a sow's ear out of Cole's silk purse." As there was on the table a bust of Burrows, made of halvah, Margaret Truman suggested that such unique sculpture might be introduced at the White House, but Burrows told her, "I think your father would prefer a bust of Drew Pearson, made of Drew Pearson." Another guest boasted that his country house was only a half hour's drive from 42nd St. "In New York traffic," Abe said, "the only place that's a half hour's drive from 42nd St. is 43rd St."

I remember other dinners with Burrows, my 195 lb. 6 ft. 1 neighbour, who lives in the same apartment house as I do and from whom I can borrow a cup of sugar as readily as two witty paragraphs to fill out a column. Yes, countless dinners, with this ex-accountant, ex-Wall Street runner, and ex-wallpaper salesman who employs a mug pose and Brooklyn accent to mask his erudition. He can quote accurately from both Cicero's orations and Captain Billy's *Whizz-Bang*.

I recalled these dinners when I read Phyllis McGinley's statement in Vogue: "I happen to be married, myself, to a genuine wit; I *know* that his most offhand dinner-table observation is far funnier than anything Abe Burrows ever said . . ." Really?

As somewhat of an historian in this matter of wit, I think that if Phyllis McGinley believes her husband's dinner-table observations are funnier than Abe Burrows', it means that either excessive devotion has upset her critical faculties or that she doesn't know Mr. Burrows at dinner.

Burrows, incidentally, may have established a Broadway-Hollywood record for the commercial value of wit when, *in the same month*, two shows which had his name in the author credits were sold to the movies: *Can-Can* went for $750,000 and *Guys and Dolls* for $1 million. Cash.



Abe Burrows (centre), the director and coauthor of Say, Darling, *the new comedy with music. Horace McMahon (right), as another knowing press agent.*

"Laugh? I thought I'd die"

BY LEONARD LYONS



Not even such high finance, however, could persuade my neighbour to move from our building on 81st St. back to Hollywood. "I like New York and its numbered streets and avenues," he said. "I won't live in a city where, if someone wants to visit your house, you have to ask him first, 'Where are you?' and then tell him to go left on Gower and right on La Cienega." He said this at a time when Bugsy Siegel, Neddie Herbert, and Mickey Cohen were shot at in Hollywood. "Besides, the air in New York is much healthier," said Abe. "Less bullets."

Burrows soon received a series of fabulous offers to leave Manhattan and write screenplays in Beverly Hills. "Nah, nah," he said, again affecting the mug tones which provide a contrast to his scholarly attainments, his research in etymology and genetics, and his study of Latin roots. "It's the rainy season out there in Hollywood, and when Hollywood's got no climate it's got nutin'. I'd feel like I'm livin' back in Brooklyn, only this time the Brooklyn Bridge is 3,000 miles long."

Phyllis McGinley did display acumen, however, in establishing Abe Burrows' dinner-table talk as the paragon for such social events. Once I brought Billy Rose to meet my neighbour. At the time, Rose, still a young man in a hurry, muttered that he might be able to spare twenty minutes. He stayed nine hours; now Abe Burrows' face adorns the Fragonard-type panels of the World's Great in Billy Rose's town house.

One evening when the Irving Berlins came to dinner, Mrs. Berlin whispered to me, "I hope you'll understand, but Irving's ordered the car to pick us up at 11 P.M. He's quite busy." They didn't leave until 4 A.M. It was Berlin's introduction to Burrows.

My neighbour is both prolifically and speedily inventive at the apt comment. Perhaps it's a result of his training in writing, years ago, the radio series for Ed Gardner's "Duffy's Tavern," an experience which led to this observation, "In radio, I found out that every ten minutes it's Friday."

At a dinner in London one night, I heard Burrows explain how he'd gotten a reputation as a philosopher in Hollywood, "It's really easy in Hollywood. Whenever people tell you stories, and your only comment is 'Well, that's life'—that makes you a philosopher."

At this time Benjamin Sonnenberg was scouring London, Wales, and Ireland collecting eighteenth-century objects for his new house in Provincetown. Burrows subsequently rented a summer house at Cape Cod, and, on the night we dined at Sonnenberg's, I saw Abe point to the antique clock over the antique mantel and ask the host, "Is that an electric clock, Ben?"

Sonnenberg shuddered, then reminded Abe that the clock was made in 1760. "Oh, I know that," said Burrows. "When I said 'electric,' I meant—does it run by means of a kite and key?" It was at this dinner that I heard Burrows review a period in his life which he described as "The Awkward Stage—too young to work, too old to be considered a juvenile delinquent."

Abe and his wife, Carin, were cohosts at a dinner party given for my wife and me at the Beverly Hills house of Frank Loesser. Some of the guests tried to guess the vintage of the champagne served. "Not only is this domestic stuff, but I suspect it's from this very neighbourhood," said Burrows. "In fact, I'll bet that if we remove Frank Loesser's shoes and socks, we'll find the grape stains on his feet."

Mr. and Mrs. Burrows had been delayed in arriving at this dinner. Abe opened the door and saw Groucho Marx playing the mandolin, Jack Benny holding Nathan Milstein's violin, Jane Wyman singing to Charles Boyer, and George Burns and Gracie Allen preparing to do their vaudeville turn. "Hello," said Abe, "where's everybody?"

Conversely, when Burrows arrived at Charles Cushing's Stork Club party for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, he surveyed the bevy of Aldriches, Guests, Bakers, Whitneys, Auchinclosses, and Hitchcocks, and whispered to me, "*Everybody* must be here, because I know nobody."

Partly because Robert Benchley had just described him then as "America's greatest living satirist," Burrows was engulfed by an avalanche of dinner-party invitations. News had spread that he had a habit of *(Continued on page 125)*

Un-shy colours

entrepreneur-ing some of the season's best looks



Starter for a brilliant summer here—colour: this kind could take a woman a long way in fashion on its own strength.
Above: Blue Belgian linen chemise. white highlights putting quotes around the colour. By Roberta, $35. Saks Fifth Avenue.
Left: Geranium—chemises have put it on the map full-length. Here, panelled linen. Junior sizes. By Jeane Scott. $35. Lord & Taylor.
Right: Pink 100%—for the woman who didn't quibble with the chemise from the first. Crescent chemise here. linen lined with rayon taffeta. $55. Lord & Taylor.
Below: Yellow suit with a white linen "throat"—city bird of passage, this. By Sportwhirl, in Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac, $30. Saks Fifth Avenue.





News—long-stemmed blue

Right: Brilliantly calm shade of blue for a woman who never had a pastel emotion in her fashion life. Ciré turban, bag, shoes shine around it. Dress and jacket by Ben Barrack, of Belgian linen, $70. This, Koret handbag, Fuchs gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also Harzfeld's; Dayton's. Emme hat. David Webb earrings. Auxiliary colour—Rousseau Rouge lipstick and nail glacé by Juliette Marglen. Background—the Herman Miller showroom.

KAREN RADKAI





The bright suits



This page: Left, cotton jersey suit, bright about its colour (red), about life in general—a sleeveless cotton blouse in red print shows up when the jacket opens. Branell suit, of Jasco fabric, in Aberfoyle yarn. $110. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Sally Victor cloche. Shoes by Confettis. Right, textured silk sheath and bolero in tuned-up blue. Stitched silk hat. Suit, by Harmay, about $110. Altman's; Hutzler's. Hattie Carnegie bicorne. Shoes by Customcraft.

Opposite page: Turquoise linen suit that lives on colour. Here, for town, black lacquered straw Breton, black handbag, shoes. Suit, by Harry Frechtel, in Irish linen by York; about $90. Best's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. Vanette stockings. Dominic Romano shoes at Best's. All the jewels by David Webb. Background both pages: Herman Miller showroom.

KAREN RADKAI

New shape
arrangement:
4 major keys

SCHATZBERG



Further proof, these pages, that the woman on the lookout for a new look in fashion won't have to look far this spring. The news keeps coming, excitement—mounting. *Left:* Stand-by black—what it could mean in one woman's clothes-life now: a black rayon crêpe chemise, with a flutter of ruffles starting mid-hip. By Paul Parnes; about $70. Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Brimmed straw cap: Lilly Daché. *Right:* Traina-Norell news—all news. An exuberance of morning glories on taffeta—flounced, floating, tied high on the waist. Dress, of warp-printed silk—blue, green, and white. At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Palizzio sandals at Lord & Taylor.

New shape arrangement

Left: Polka-dot atmosphere—rarefied. Black and white chiffon, with a long looped panel at the back, a décolletage paved with velvet. Dress, of Bianchini silk, by Sophie, made to order. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Ruby, diamond, and gold jewellery by Schlumberger. At Tiffany. *Right:* The new shape of Empire—a swing of white point d'esprit on a deep black velvet cuff. This, designed for Elizabeth Arden by Count Sarmi. Pearl and diamond jewellery, by David Webb.

SCHATZBERG





MADAME SUZANNE LULING
boarding her plane, wearing her beige tweed suit;
carrying the beige tweed cape, mink-lined.

Aloft with the haute couture

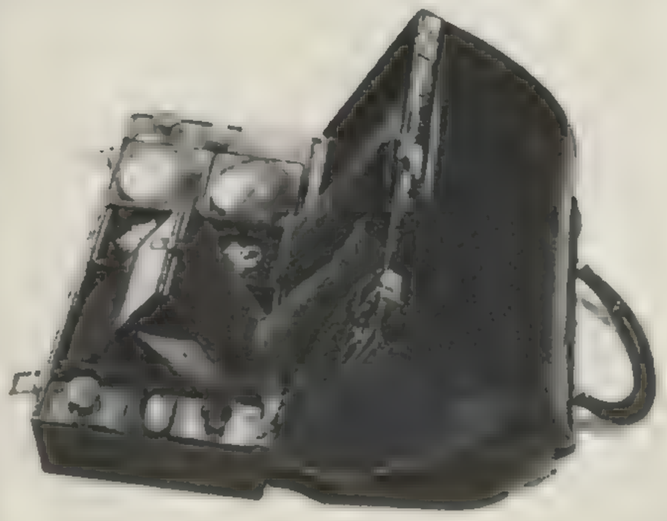
The round-the-world, all-climate wardrobe of a distinguished Frenchwoman

Mme. Suzanne Luling, directress of the Maison Dior salons in Paris, is a tall, smiling woman of great vivacity and charm, who dresses beautifully. She travels a great deal—and does that beautifully, too. A true Frenchwoman, and a notably chic one, she makes no concessions whatever to the so-called exigencies of travel; she arrives everywhere looking immaculately fresh, fashionable, exactly right for wherever she happens to be. (She is never, like many air travellers, dressed for the climate-before-last.) On these four pages, we show the wardrobe that Mme. Luling took with her on a recent two-months round-the-world trip by air, including such diversified stops as New York (where it was midwinter), and Australia (where it was full summer). Her wardrobe, planned mainly around a colour range of vanilla, beige, walnut-brown, and black, is supremely able to take all this in stride. Ample, elegant, it all fits—somewhat incredibly—into the few specially-designed pieces of luggage shown at left. These are: a canvas dress-bag the exact length of Mme. Luling's dresses (48″), and equipped with hanging rings at each end; a canvas carryall, or *sac marin*; a round zippered canvas hatbox. All were made by Hermès, as was the fitted alligator case that Mme. Luling carries with her—really a sort of travelling dressing table, desk, and strongbox rolled into one. It holds all beauty supplies in neat layers; has a folding mirror that snaps to a standing position; has a built-in,

(Continued on page 84)

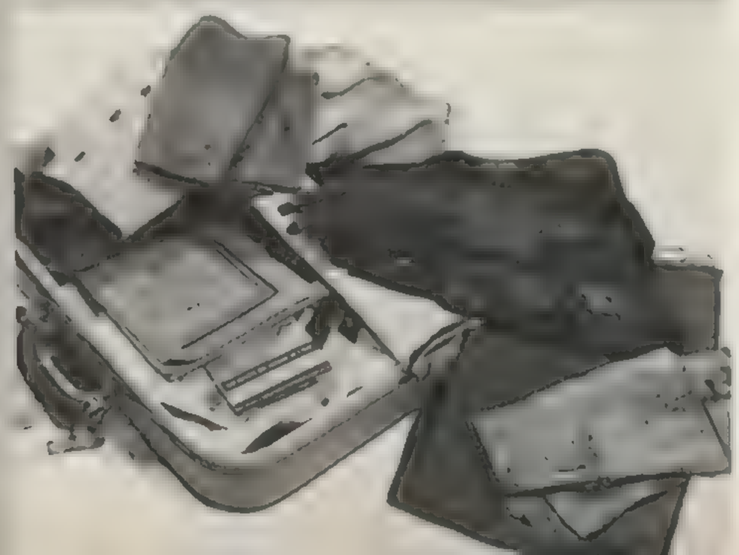


The three "large" pieces—
all, in canvas, by Hermès.
Below, the dress bag unfolded.





Above: Brown alligator travel bag with jewel case, beauty supplies, a removable handbag.
Below: Zipper bag holds plane clothes, letters, odds and ends.



2 CAPES, 1 LINING Mme. Luling's travelling coat isn't a coat at all, but a mink lining that buttons in to either one of two capes—one beige tweed, the other black faille. Either one can, of course, be worn separately, making a total of four good possibilities. Left and centre, the beige tweed, lined and unlined; right, the black faille, minus lining.

2-IN-1 DRESSES *Left:* Mme. Luling's evening mainstay—pale oyster-pink brocade with not two, but five separate, changeable parts. Overblouse top; long evening skirt; alternate, shorter skirt for black-tie evenings; matching brocade coat with a button-in lining deeply edged in mink. *Centre:* For warm climates, a dress of thin blue-and-black printed silk, coverable by a V-necked jacket. *Right:* Brown-and-black printed costume in heavy ribbed faille, for late-day, with or without its jacket.



26 pairs
of gloves: white, black, rose brocade, vanilla-to-brown.

CHARACTERISTIC DETAIL



25 scarfs:
mostly, 36″ chiffon squares in shades of vanilla-to-brown.



10 pairs
of shoes: 4 day, 5 evening, and 1 for the beach.



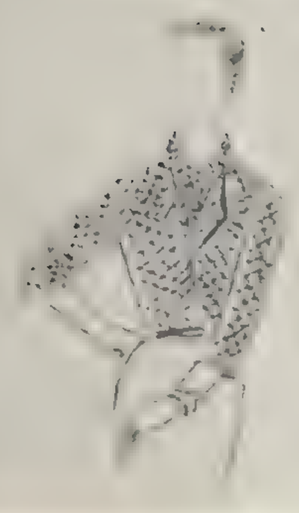
6 handbags:
4 day, 2 evening. Brown alligator bag fits into alligator travelling-case shown on page 82.



4 hats:
beige felt, beige satin; black felt, black velvet.









HER BLOUSES

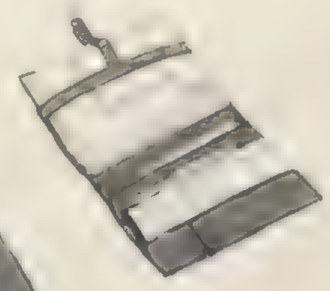
Top row, for town: left, vanilla-coloured knitted silk; right, vanilla chiffon.
Lower row, for the country: left, green Paisley-printed cotton; right, white piqué.



(Continued from page 83) lockable jewel box, a writing case and cardcase (sketched, below), a space for overnight things, and for passport, tickets, money; and has, set in its top, a handbag that can be lifted out (as sketched below) and carried separately. Mme. Luling also carries a small canvas zipper bag—about which more later. Everything in the large pieces is packed with masses of tissue paper; this, plus careful hanging, rules out most pressing problems en route. Another secret: Mme. Luling's system of plane dressing. In her light zipper bag are two cashmere V-necked cardigans, one yellow, one beige; a slender walnut-brown thin wool skirt: flat shoes: a pair of dark green plaid slacks; two printed silk scarfs, one rust-brown, one green. Immediately on boarding the plane, Mme. Luling changes into some of these comfortable and handsome components (the skirt for shorter trips, the slacks for longer, overnight ones), and hangs up her suit and blouse. Before landing, she changes back, applies fresh make-up from the travelling dressing table—and disembarks looking as though she had just emerged from the Dior salon into the Avenue Matignon. Besides the basic colour-scheme of vanilla, beige, walnut-brown, and black, Mme. Luling's wardrobe contains some artfully-planned colour variants. A green Paisley-printed cotton blouse, handbag, and shoes (sketched above), were often worn in the warmer stopovers such as Australia—but *never* all together.















CLIMATE CHANGES

Far left: Warm weather, town; walnut-brown suit in thin wool.
Second: Same, country; twill shirtwaist dress in grey, green.
Third: Same, evening; white taffeta chemise, rose-printed.
Fourth: Cool weather, town; black satin late-day chemise.
Far right: Useful in any climate—short jacket in black mink.



(Since Mme. Luling adores swimming and the beach, the Paisley handbag often held a Bikini and sunglasses.) A grey twill shirtwaist dress printed in eucalyptus-green, also sketched above, was worn with brown antelope shoes and handbag, pale kid gloves, a pale-green chiffon square tucked into the low V neckline. This look—a chiffon scarf, a V neckline—is almost Mme. Luling's fashion-signature; to it is generally added anywhere from one to five strings of pearls. For late day, in warm climates, Mme. Luling wore the blue-and-black printed silk dress (sketched on page 83), or a black silk sheath (sketched, on top of the dress bag, on page 82), with a green chiffon square, green jade ring. (This, and her oval topaz ring, sketched, right.) For colder climates, her late-day costume was the brown-and-black printed faille dress and jacket (page 83), or the black satin chemise, above. In the warm-weather ports of call, when a more *grande tenue* was indicated, she wore the rose-printed white taffeta chemise sketched above; in cooler ones, the wonderful pale-pink brocade costume (right, on its owner). Here, Mme. Luling wears the dress with its longer skirt, its matching rose brocade gloves and shoes.



Note: Mme. Luling's entire wardrobe, excluding luggage, was made by the Dior salon; her sweaters, gloves, handbags, shoes, scarfs, and leopard silk dressing gown in its case (sketched, above), from the Dior Boutique. Sketched below it is another inseparable companion—a school child's notebook, from some unsung Paris *papetier*, in which Mme. Luling studies English on the wing.



RAWLINGS

Here with a bang, the explosion of a theory about the tranquilizing (and often dull) travel coat that goes, weakly, over everything. These coats—lively stimuli for a travel wardrobe, *and* the traveller. (This, in line with a long-standing Vogue premise: when travelling, you're seen most in your coat.) More liveliness on these pages—the Pontiac Bonneville convertible coupé that wears copper-coloured leather upholstery, Alcoa aluminum details, and—optionally—a Harrison air conditioner.

Opposite: Japanese *noh* coat, on its way to becoming an unclassic classic. Uncrushable mohair in navy-blue and green blanket plaid with brass buttons, fringed hem. By Bonnie Cashin; about $95. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Stitched taffeta Breton by Mr. John. *Below:* A printed wool coat, also blue and green, and three-quarter length; a bow near its hem. By Marquise; about $135 at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Black stitched cap, by Mr. John. (Both the hats shown here will travel.) On both pages: Palizzio shoes.

New travel ideas: maverick coats



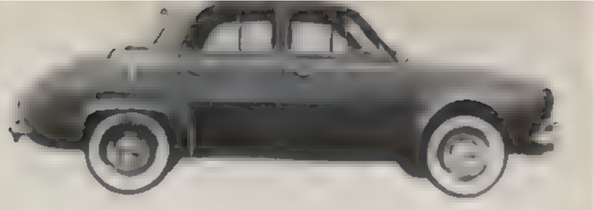
New miniatures: cars, checks

Most exhibits here—material in the case of the shrinking wheelbase. Since their début in America, the gay little cars from all over have made their way here because of their economy, scootability in traffic, gamin good looks. (In big cities where parking space will soon be measured out by the carat, there's even more advantage.) Fourteen small cars are shown on the opposite page, and one below: the Vauxhall Victor, made in England by General Motors. Its wheelbase—just 98 inches. Approaching it, more news in miniature: the pin checks of a gabardine suit with straightish jacket, full knife-pleated skirt. Cultists of the *longer* wheelbase—the two great Danes. Suit by Klein & Klein, of Forstmann Charmeen worsted gabardine checked in navy blue and white; $150 at Best's. Hat by Sally Victor.

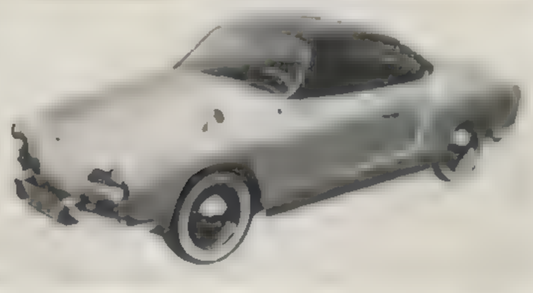




MGA, a new and well-mannered roadster in the MG series, manufactured in England. Its hood is low and receding; its wheelbase, 94".

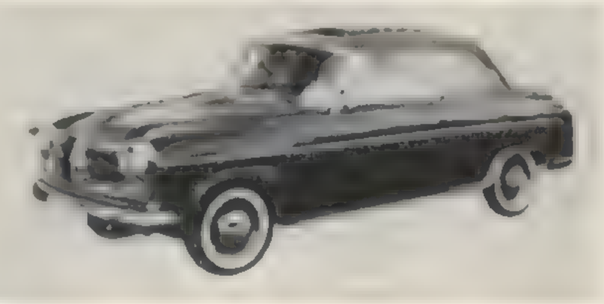


BORGWARD's youngest model, the Isabella. Sturdy, road-smoothing, it can spring to 60 mph in 16 seconds. German-made: wheelbase 102".



VOLKSWAGEN KARMANN GHIA COUPÉ that, from either end, looks like a little ski jump. This car, made in Germany; the wheelbase, 94½".

DAUPHINE, dainty new addition to the French family of Renaults. It has a rear engine, holds its spare tire in its mouth. Wheelbase, 89".

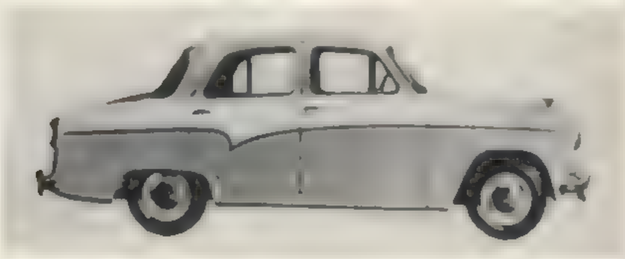




PORSCHE CARRERA, a two-seater closed car with rear engine that's air-cooled—never needs water. Made in Germany; the wheelbase, 82.7".



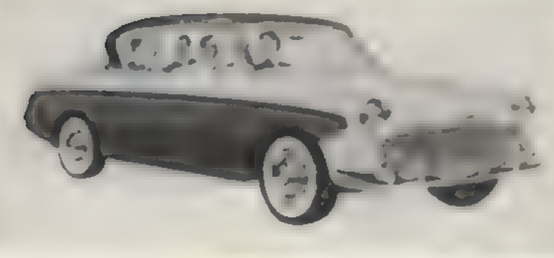
TOYOPET, CROWN DE LUXE five-seater sedan made in Japan, but American in looks. Ruggedly built for rough Oriental roads; wheelbase, 99.6".



AUSTIN-A55, called the Cambridge saloon in England, where it's made; a four-door sedan here in scalloped two-tones; the wheelbase, 99¼".

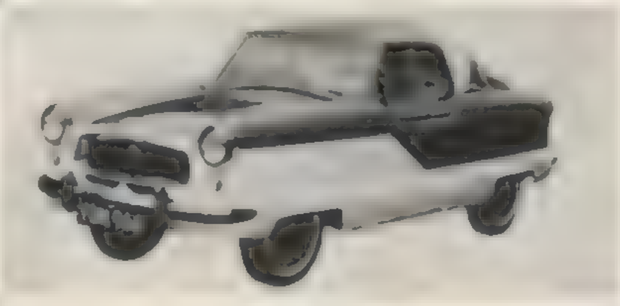
HILLMAN MINX STATION WAGON, comfortable as a passenger car, and workable for loads up to 700 lbs. of bulk. Made in Britain; wheelbase, 96".





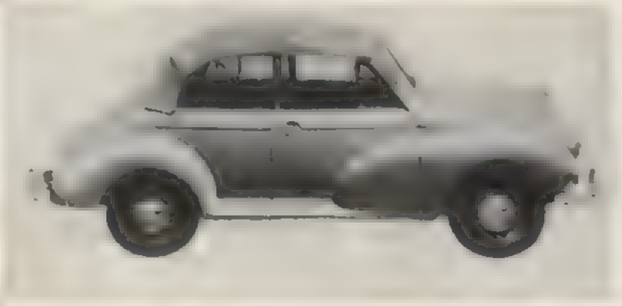
METROPOLITAN 1500 hard-top coupé, one of the smaller small cars. British-made miniature of an American "big car"—sleek design, roomy interior. Wheelbase, 85".

SUNBEAM RAPIER hard-top sedan that opens its sides, seems like an open car. At its waist, colour contrast. Made in Britain; wheelbase, 96".





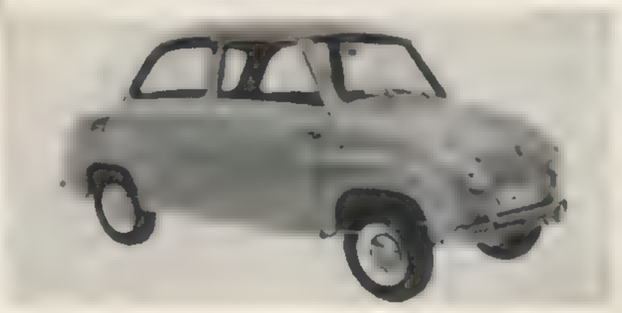
MORRIS 1000, a small convertible that manages to hold the whole family, plus 7 cu. ft. of baggage. Made in England; wheelbase, 86"



FIAT 600 MULTIPLA, an Italian car that looks like a pint-sized bus. It has a rear engine, seats five, sleeps three—all on a wheelbase of 79".



GOGGOMOBIL, the baby of them all with a 2-cylinder motor that's capable of going 80 mph. This, made in Germany; the wheelbase, 70½".



OPEL OLYMPIA REKORD, made in Germany by General Motors. Here, a snappy new 2-door sedan with an enlarged interior that holds five passengers. Its wheelbase, 100".



SHATZBERG

What your looks reveal about you

Test your beauty aptitude

1. Does it make you shy to change your coiffure radically?
2. Or does it stimulate you—make you feel a new person?
3. Do you care for your complexion in any other way than by simply washing it?
4. Have you changed the design of your make-up within the past six months?
5. Have you changed the colour of any item of your make-up within the past five years?
6. Do you ever ask for beauty help (at a cosmetic counter; in a salon; by writing to a magazine; or consulting a friend whose appearance you admire)?
7. Do you often experiment with different kinds of make-up or with different ways of using it?
8. Do you often experiment with arranging your hair in several different ways?
9. Do you think that artificial prettifying (make-up, a good coiffure) is basically the mark of a superficial character?
10. Would a not-quite-as-becoming-as usual coiffure ruin an otherwise pleasant occasion for you?
11. Would a broken fingernail?
12. If the man in your life says frequently, "I love the way you look, please don't ever change," do you take it literally?
13. Do you resist making a radical change in the appearance of your face and hair?
14. Does a change in clothes interest and please you?
15. Would it upset you if you were surprised by someone you admired, without any make-up—and with your hair unkempt? (We shall suppose you are not embarrassingly dressed.)
16. Do you spend more than an *average* of one hour a day on the improvement of your face, hands, hair, figure?
17. Do you spend less than an *average* thirty minutes a day?
18. Is beauty care a bore to you?
19. Is beauty care an absorbing interest and thrilling pleasure?
20. Or is beauty care a taken-for-granted, automatic part of the pleasure you take in all your grooming?

For scoring and psychological interpretation, turn to page 92.

The appearance of a woman is often a quick key to either her serenity or her problems. And frequently, a psychologist can tell before a subject has said a word, or before he knows a single fact of her history, that she has troubles. (He may change his mind after more accurate, scientific tests—but he does not discount what his practiced eye sees first.) He looks at the gait, the carriage, the way his subject sits; he notices cleanliness, or the lack of it, and general grooming; he notices her clothes; and he notices her make-up (too much? not enough? and how well is it applied?). Schizophrenics, for instance, do not know how to put on lipstick—they slam it on as a child might. The psychologist knows that the way a woman presents herself visually is the code-book which can reveal the secret of her specific, sub-conscious elaboration.

Leaving natural beauty, or the lack of it, completely out of the picture, the face a woman puts on for the world to see reveals personality, a word which comes—interestingly enough—from the Latin *persona*, meaning masque. Specifically, it referred to the theatrical masque worn by an actor to indicate to his audience the emotion he wished to project. The showpiece, then, that every woman makes of her own image is the face she wishes the world to see. With this personality, this masque, she plays a part, showing the people she meets how she wants to be treated by them.

A woman's audience is asked to believe in the little play she is putting on; it is important to her to have illusion seem fact—for she has had first to impress her inner conscience with the act, and the beholder must reinforce her success in her ability.

To the psychologist, cosmetics and clothes are not flippancies. Fashion, in all its phases, is living, is current, and its use is a key to sociability. In Africa this may mean wooden discs in the lips; in New York it may mean a skirt too narrow to cope with buses and taxis. In their time and place, both fashions are attractions and indications of how contemporary the wearer is.

Some women are more interested in fashions in clothes than in fashions in faces—and the reverse is equally true. While both fashions change inexorably, influenced of course by the lives we lead, the fashion in clothes is quicker and far more publicized; the fashion in faces is slower paced and more subtle. A normal woman responds quite naturally to the two rhythms: the quick-step obsolescence of her clothes, and the slower obsolescence of her coiffure and her make-up. She is happy to accept both. The real difference is this: the face is an actual part of the body—and more truly hers, while clothes are only an extension of the body—as is the decoration of her house. The face requires personal effort (over and over again, day after day) for the design and the actual making of its masque; the body requires merely the purchase and choice of someone's else design to cover it. The face is the more authentic *persona*.

The dissatisfaction a woman may feel about her face is often more dependent on psychic factors than on aesthetic factors; and so, too, would be her overweening satisfaction with it. But she can destroy or better the image. What is important is how she evaluates her appearance; how true is her vision of her real beauty assets—and liabilities. If she is thoroughly realistic about her face, her figure, her general appearance, she is very likely to be thoroughly realistic about many other pleasant and unpleasant factors in her life. And she will try, since this is a sign of normal mental health, to better the best, and make the most of the less-good attributes.

Some beauty is trickery. But the civilized person leading a civil life can very seldom afford to live without tact—which is a pleasanter word. A conscious, knowledgeable use of camouflage is tactful and healthy. No one wants to listen endlessly to another's egocentric soul-scraping or to look endlessly at ugliness. It is not a loss of integrity, but only world-wise to make the best of things.

For instance, in a recent survey conducted with a representative group of practising women psychologists, it was discovered that these women concealed their dates of birth to a significant degree (and to a degree far in excess of male psychologists polled at the same time). The women who readily revealed their ages were usually married, or obviously young. This is, of course, a very practical evasion. Business and professional women have learned that the young woman with some experience is often a more valuable person (at least in the mind of the employer or the client) than the more experienced woman who is older. And certainly statistics prove that opportunities for successful marriages decrease with age.

It is healthy and practical to hide other barriers to beauty, or to get rid of them entirely. The good plastic surgeon is entirely sympathetic to the woman who wants to have a bad feature corrected. He is often astounded, however, to discover that a patient who comes to him with, say, an astonishingly ugly nose, is unaware of this feature, and wants a scarcely-visible wrinkle removed. This patient is, of course, not realistic.

Similarly, the doctor has great sympathy with a woman who has carelessly accumulated a few extra pounds, and will prescribe diet and, if necessary, drugs, to help her, although he knows that often the pounds have been *carefully* acquired, and his patient is determined, subconsciously, to keep them. The dermatologist is becoming increasingly aware of the importance of the psychological factor in his medical specialty of the skin—and he usually realizes that a woman can quite normally be as upset over a bad case of acne as she might be over a more serious skin disorder.

In an easier way, there are always the dress designers creating enough fashions, of wide choice, to make us able to *look* taller, or shorter, or thinner, or more Monroe-y—as necessary. The cosmetic experts can make us look fairer, or darker, bigger-eyed, or younger, or rosier-skinned, or blonder, or more brunet, or more curly-haired. These are healthy, normal disguises—and no more deceitful than behaving bravely when we are frightened. As someone once explained, "Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them"—and fashion is not only clothes; it includes all the artifices of beauty.

What about the woman who, instead of seeking the beauty in current fashion, tries hard to drab her appearance? She is mentally perturbed, of course. She may not otherwise reveal it, she may never know it—and she may even, in this one masochistic defy, receive enough comfort to allow her to lead an otherwise satisfactory life. Certainly there are sloppy, or fat, or unfashionable women who have happy families or successful careers. But the symptom of disturbance is there, an arrested ulcer.

Every dress saleswoman knows how stubborn some women are in choosing the most becoming costumes, and rejecting those that are flattering ("Lovely—but it's not for *me*"). Every beauty salon knows how thoroughly some women resist professional beauty advice, even while "seeking" help. The Rockefeller Institute discovered, while doing research on diets for hypertense patients (fat in this case was not a matter of vanity, but medically dangerous) that there were many patients who could only be reduced by hospitalization, and forced dieting. For outrageously overweight women are not usually "weak;" most often they are very strong characters. Even their wish to destroy or blot out their looks (and their health) is carried out in an aggressive way.

The stubbornly tasteless, graceless, unattractive woman is, usually, the psychologists tell us, using an unconscious pseudo-aggressive and defensive attack on the enshrined mother image. Often she felt herself unloved as a child. She was probably temperamentally *(Continued on next page)*

What your looks reveal about you

(Continued) unable to conform easily to the rules, morals, and denials which were forced upon her. If she has not been able to take the easy out (that is, accepting necessary parental force), she persists in getting punished or reprimanded. She becomes, then, a masochist, seeking always, below the conscious level, to be the "innocent" victim of "tyranny." She provokes censure in every way—even by spoiling or hiding any beauty she might naturally have. But when her masochistic tendencies are removed, she almost invariably emerges willingly and happily as a woman anxious to look her best.

In fact, many psychiatrists do not wait for the butterfly to free itself from the cocoon; they send the patient to a beauty salon as a medical prescription *before* her analysis has revealed her problem to her. And many hospitals for mental illness have, as an important part of therapy, resident beauty salons.

The cultivation of beauty, then, is considered a sign of health. And fashion—in faces and clothes—is a cultivating tool. Far from being superficial, the ability to look one's best proves these normal characteristics: that a woman is flexible (she likes to change with her times and her environment); that she is realistic (she knows the true value of her looks, and will find the means to enhance them); that she likes to please the people with whom she lives and works (for attractiveness is pleasant and polite); and that, most of all, she wants to live—she wants very much to be a vital part of her world, and not reject the best of it.

Since taste is famously variable, no one can seem beautiful to everyone. The beholder comes in here, and his own problems interfere with the clear conception of beauty. A child's taste is surprisingly confined; he notices, in this order, clothes, hair, and eyes—and clothes are mentioned nearly twice as frequently as eyes. But, quite normally, his taste in time enlarges to cover many of the beauties of life, according to his education. Taste is a matter of living life fully, and accepting or rejecting knowledgeably. It is not a "natural" talent, but an acquired one. We live now in an age of such universal communication that the emotionally normal and intelligent individual should develop taste quite readily. To reject it is abnormal.

The psychologist believes the same ideas hold for beauty in women as for beauty in art: "There must be a slight admixture of unfamiliarity or unintelligibility in the mass of familiarity or intelligibility.... Something is ugly to the degree that it is unintelligible to the viewer.... The richer the experience of the beholder and the greater his capacity for contemplation, the more complete his equipment for perceiving beauty.... There are two directions in which our sense for beauty is attracted: one towards 'absolute harmony,' the other towards 'absolute disharmony.' The feeling for beauty is created out of the battle between these two. ... The real essence of beauty can never be expressed, as man would touch, then, the insoluble 'last' questions about the eternal and the divine...."

TO SCORE YOUR BEAUTY APTITUDE

(*Answers to the quiz on page 90*)

Score one point for each *yes* answer to questions 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 20.

Score one point for each *no* answer to questions 1, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

Grades below:

20—You've beat the system. No beauty quiz necessary.

16—19 Superb.

13—15 Good, but you could do better. Reexamine your metal attitudes in the light of the questions you missed; you may fit into one of the patterns described in the psychological interpretation that follows.

12—Reach for your bootstraps.

Below 10—What have you got to lose? Call the nearest beauty doctor.

Continued on page 126

A summer way to look—Roman colour, new formula

Opposite: A look that's one part point of view and nine parts colour.
The view for beaches now—new beauty based on the Roman way: the twin cosmetics of sun and colour, more legs under less shorts, blocky little sweaters (this by Roman designer, Simonetta). Here, a new Roman-born red in nail polish and lipstick with more than a dash of Campari in the shade—Zaffiro. Introduced this spring, Nail Cristallo with Lip Brillante are cosmetic properties of Princess Marcella Borghese (by tradition, ancient Roman families keep their beauty formulae for the family beauties) destined to set American women speaking Italian as nicely as Berlitz. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Next plunge into colour

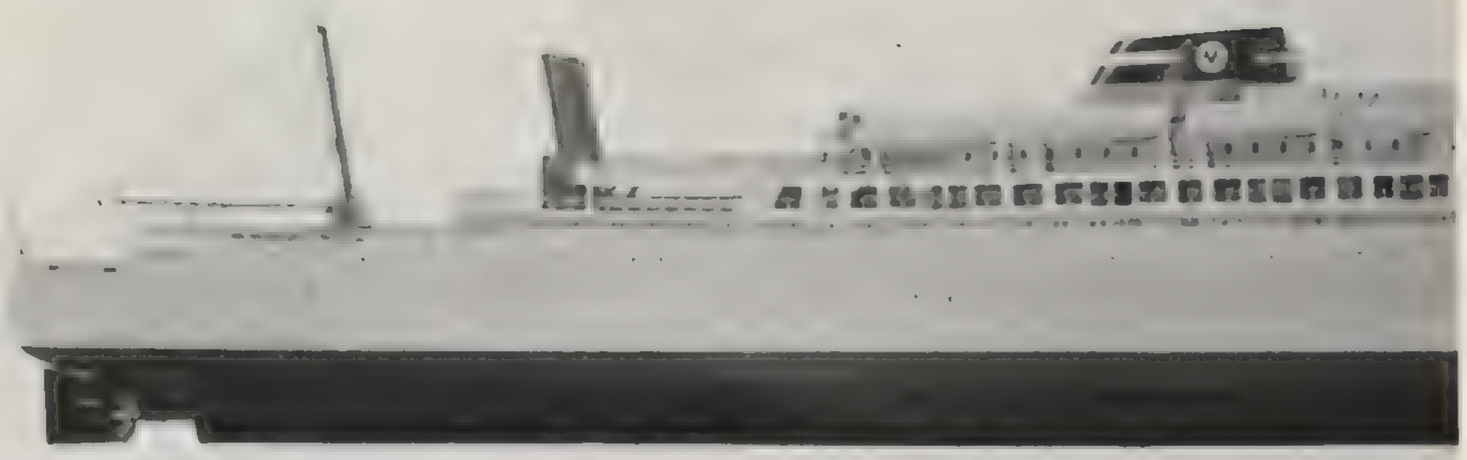
Swimming into view here, like so many exotic tropical fish—five of the exciting new summer shoes that literally swim in colour. On the mermaid—another fascinating colour lure: Max Factor's new Pink 'n Orange lipstick. The shoes, clockwise: *Red and yellow ombré stripes* on a suède kid-skin opera pump; small sunbursts of punch work. Leather by Surpass. *Zebra (or zebra-fish) stripes, in black and white,* inside and outside a cotton shoe; black patent leather heel. Next, misty *red, orange, and blue stripes* on suède; a slender, strapped shoe. Leather, by Surpass. Below it, *orange-and-black cotton print,* very African-jungly; a look that's marvellous on a slim summer-brown leg. Then, a shimmer of *multicoloured stripes* on cotton, in random widths—all brilliant; a T-strap shoe with elasticized side-straps. Last, and nearest: the barbaric *orange-and-black cotton print* again, T-strapped. *All the shoes, by Evins; about $40 the pair. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.*

RAWLINGS





Seven ways a woman might put the news of colour in her life this summer: the seven fashions on these pages, all designed by B. H. Wragge whose vitamin-rich colourifics are one of the unwavering refreshments in American fashion. Eighth new way: aboard the S.S. "Brasil" where beginning around August, the sun will shine for 555 passengers at a time (all of them, incidentally, travelling one-class—luxury). Most recent addition to the Moore-McCormack fleet, the "Brasil"—built by Ingalls, and shown in miniature below—is the largest ship to be built in America since the S.S. "United States." One of the longest (617-feet plus) anywhere, it will ply between New York and Buenos Aires, with stops at Trinidad, Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo.



New colour deal– from the sun deck

KAREN RADKAI

Left: A dress as worth knowing about as travellers' cheques—a streak of honey-coloured Moygashel linen for fine days anywhere. About $50. Brown and white spectator sandals, by Andrew Geller. *Near right:* Pink, mauve, and green in one surprise stroke of grained silk, moored to the figure at hip level. About $50. Dress fabric, by Couture. Delman shoes. Estée Lauder Duchess Pink lipstick. Both pages: Bryans stockings, at Bonwit Teller; Lugene binoculars and carrying cases; David Webb jewellery. *Far right:* Top and centre, interior views of one of the S. S. "Brasil's" luxe staterooms. Immediately below, the "Brasil" sighted—sternward—from the air. *All clothes* on these six pages, by B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.


A
STUDY
OF
HISTORY

New colour deal

continued



Deck-reading, left: Pink and white, with a tang and vibrance that's well above par for this combination. Cyclamen-pink overblouse in a firm grained silk (a pleated white ankle-length skirt could keep it going long into evening); narrow slacks in one of the most dazzling of all whites—white sharkskin. Couture silk overblouse, about $35; Arnel sharkskin slacks, about $19. Shading the book, a sun-size straw Breton: Sally V. *Right:* Almost as valuable as a passport in warm cities—a black and toast-colour linen chemise (the very sound of it is cooling). Dress, of Moygashel linen, about $30. Black parasol-brimmed hat by Sally V. *All of the clothes* shown on these six pages were designed by B. H. Wragge. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Woolf Brothers.

New colour deal

continued



This page: One of the new, high-living colours streaking through fashion now—orange, colouring grainy silk, sliced thin. Fabric, by Couture. Dress, about $65. *Facing page.* Left, new chemise crop—an all-of-a-piece sunning suit in mauve Pima cotton. About $25. Straw sunshade, by Emme. Right, chemised chemise—and a lesson in how to double the fashion-life of a cruise-wardrobe without doubling its size. Square-necked white dress; black-and-white striped put-over—its freelance potential computable by skirts, shorts, slacks . . . et cetera. (We've added the lei—a stream of black-and-white chiffon.) Dress, about $45; put-over, about $25. Both: Moygashel linen. Emme hat. *All clothes,* these six pages, by B. H. Wragge. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's; Neusteters.





White—two ways to chemise it

via Vogue Printed Patterns

DRESS: VOGUE PATTERN S-4874

RUTLEDGE

Is now, always has been sure—the fashion allure of the white dress, we mean. Here, two white chemises (one with a chemise doublet for evenings), both to wear with white, to make from Vogue Printed Patterns. Easy to take as a tan—the printed directions on the Patterns. *Left:* White linen chemise under its night shade here—white cotton lace. Lace seams should be stitched over tissue paper, the paper torn away last thing before pressing. Pattern S-4874. Tebilized Irish linen by McBratney. Emanuel Roth cotton lace, Weiss rhinestones. Kislav gloves. I. Miller shoes. *Right:* White crêpe chemise, to wear with tan arms and chalky bracelets, a blaze of louvered pleats at the back. Burlington acetate-and-rayon crêpe. Pattern S-4885. Pattern for the turban (besides Vogue Pattern 9139), an original design by Sally Victor. Monet gilt-and-white jewellery. Margaret Jerrold shoes. *Other views, sizes, yardages, page 40.*



TURBAN: VOGUE PATTERN 9439

DRESS: VOGUE PATTERN S-4885

"What makes

Dear Vogue: "What makes a man memorable?" Since you asked me that question, I have not stopped wondering, not about your intentions which are clear, but about myself, for I am obscure.

I have known a certain number of men who are today either great or famous enough to interest the general public. But if men such as Maréchal de Lattre de Tassigny, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, André Malraux, Gaston Gallimard, Count Paul Pálffy, Duff Cooper, and Orson Welles have claimed my heart and intrigued my imagination, it is not of them that I shall speak here. For they are worthy of attracting the heart and imagination of everyone. They belong to the public domain and I could tell you neither what I know nor what I think about them without writing a biographical work in several volumes. Such a work, my dear Vogue, I shall dedicate to you. You will find pleasure in reading it but I don't think it will meet the requirements of what you want from me now.

"What makes a man memorable?" You will forgive me if I speak to you this evening about a single unforgettable man, unforgettable because I did not love him. I shall call my story *The Refusal.*

In 1937, in Paris, I met Count Paul Pálffy and married him. We lived in Slovakia, in Pudmerice, on the outskirts of Bratislava. But in the dead of winter and sometimes in the spring, we used to spend several weeks in Budapest where we had an apartment.

The Hotel Dunapalota in Budapest stood along the banks of the Danube. Its main entrance opened into a street parallel to the waterfront. Fate willed that I should step over that threshold on April 23, 1941. It was noon. I crossed the lobby and, at the extremity of that vast room, climbed a few steps to a landing leading to a glass door. Friends were waiting for me outside on the hotel terrace, overlooking the river. I was late and, being in a hurry, did not look about me. But just as I was about to put my hand on the beaklike handle of the glass door to open it and step out toward the Danube, an arm brushed past me and a man's hand, grasping the handle, forestalled my movement. I wheeled about briskly and found myself face to face with a man in his forties, rather handsome and well-dressed, who immediately apologized for his forwardness. While I was crossing the lobby, so he said, he had been seated on a sofa. He had seen me go by and had lost his head to the point of daring to follow and stop me. His confusion touched me without disturbing me. I replied with a glacial smile and abandoned him there in his confusion.

I told my husband of this incident and he thought it deplorable. He decided that he ought to box the ears of the fellow who was its hero and asked me to describe him. Now, since a man who is neither one-armed nor redheaded, not too tall, not too fat, and not too short, a man distinguished from other men by no striking difference is as difficult to delineate as a leaf which you explain is green, long and has delicate veins, in the hope of learning the name of the tree from which it came, I did not manage, despite all my efforts, to give more than the vaguest idea of the man who had accosted me.

I saw him again that evening at a small dinner party in the French Embassy and my husband seemed so happy to come upon him that I considered it wise not to tell him that his protestations of friendship were being addressed to the very man whose ears he had promised to box. As soon as introductions were at an end, I learned that they had known each other since childhood. The friend was Hungarian and a great hunter. He lived in the country and, like ourselves, came only occasionally to Budapest. He was married and his wife was with him.

In Budapest, people of the same social group met almost daily, not only at the houses of mutual friends whose salons were open to a restricted and rather scandal-hungry clique, but also at the bar of the Hotel Dunapalota, and, during the evening, in gipsy night spots where they used to stay—dreaming—until dawn. He paid court to me gently but insistently at first, then sadly, and his declarations of love

By Louise de Vilmorin

a man memorable?"

annoyed me as much as his sighs of disappointment.

One day, some friends took me out along Lake Balaton. He was with us on the excursion and, while we were walking slowly along the shores of the lake, he appeared at my side and reproached me violently for disdaining him after having taken the trouble to seduce him. I replied that he was accusing me unjustly and that I was guiltless for the emotion that caused his suffering. I told him we could not accuse a painting for pleasing us, that it was the artist who was responsible for the seduction exerted on us by his works. I pointed out to him, moreover, that circumstances do not always allow us to possess what is pleasing to us.

"Yes," he replied, "but objects are mute and motionless, and you are alive and could talk to me."

"What a strange notion! Inanimate objects mute? Not at all! They can speak, and it is the very eloquence of their silence which seduces us."

A friendship might have grown out of this exchange of philosophical considerations, but nothing of the kind happened and the situation only grew worse.

The man had charm and yet he did not attract me. I fled from the melancholy occasioned in him by myself. His mood reacted on his health; he lost his appetite, his pallor became noticeable and his thinness all the more alarming because of his gloomy frame of mind.

Meanwhile I had become acquainted with his wife who resembled me somewhat. It was to me that she confided her torment and grief about the changes in her husband.

"He used to be so gay, so full of life! And now it is all finished. He is ill; perhaps he thinks he is very ill and, doubtless, that is why he doesn't want to see a doctor. Nothing amuses him, nothing attracts him and yet he refuses to go back to the country. He is wasting away," she would say to me, each day. I did not know what to answer, and, although I had a clear conscience, I felt guilty.

There are successful love affairs which condemn an honourable man to silence, but the same man, without any breach of honour, has the right to complain of rejection in love. That is what my lover did. He needed to open his heart and, since he could only complain, he complained.

Since my early years I have been the target, quite unjustly, of jealousy and envy. On this occasion, most of the other women were only too happy to criticize me, to assail me and pronounce that I took pleasure in breaking up a marriage for the sole benefit of proving to myself the force of a power which in reality tortured me. They looked at me askance; I was sensitive to their coldness and suffered pointless remorse since I was guilty only of not loving. The worst part was that the more I extolled to the man the beauty and wit of his wife, the more he found me false. As for her, I must say that she always trusted me and when one of her women friends felt obliged to help by telling the wife that I was the source of all her troubles, she did not hesitate to come talk to me about it and beg me to adopt toward him a kindlier attitude which would immediately restore his health and bring back the good humour on which rested the harmony of their household.

It is quite easy to swear to another woman that her husband means nothing to you when you are in love with him, but it's impossible to tell her so when it's true. If I smiled at this man, I was pronounced a coquette; if I didn't smile at him, I was unspeakable. Everywhere we met, he had eyes only for me. I never once turned an unfriendly glance in his direction and we would sometimes stand together for long moments apart from the others. But when he looked into my eyes, all expression was absent . . . and that was the whole trouble.

His wife, bit by bit, changed her opinion and, if she had begun by resenting in me an adamancy that upset the tranquillity of her home, she was now grateful to me for not having given in, if only out of pity, to a passion that had grown to such dimensions as to threaten her with the loss of her husband.

Some time later, she had a rather serious cold which prevented her from going to a dinner *(Continued on page 128)*

Summer starters—mini-priced



Six new outlooks for summer and sooner; the features here—fresh silhouettes, light and bright fabrics, no-blink price tags. *Top row, left:* Dress and coat for $40; both black-and-white tweeded piqué. The dress, sleeveless; the coat, almost full-length. By Mr. Mort, in junior sizes; at Jay Thorpe. *Centre:* Dress with bloused top and bow, of printed cotton—turquoise and allied blues. By Rhea, in junior sizes; $13 at Best's. *Right:* New ingenue smock dress, for $30. Beige cotton with Peter Pan collar, high little-girl yoke, two big patch pockets. Of Wamsutta fabric, in junior sizes; at Bendel's Young-Timers. Shoes by Valley. *Bottom row, left:* Chemise dress with high-tied front; back pleats stem from the waist. Red and black plaid cotton broadcloth, $25. By Eloise Curtis, in junior sizes; at Lord & Taylor. Fiancées shoes. *Centre:* Another coat and dress, this pair red and pink printed silk shantung. The dress, folded at its neckline; the coat, fully lined. Junior sizes; $45 at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* Dress in two parts—a chemised overblouse (bowed at front) and lined skirt, both in blue and green printed silk. By Morlove; $13 each at De Pinna. All hats, these pages, by Dachette. The background here—another money-saver: the Manufacturers Trust Company, on Fifth Avenue at 43rd Street.

PRIGENT





New blackness: soft-shell chemises

Here for a good two seasons—three chemises, all black or blackish, with news in their soft, unstringent shapes. *Opposite page:* Parachute chemise with soft fullness at its back that, somehow, wraps to the front. More softness in the cowl neckline, folded shoulders. By Dorothy O'Hara, of black rayon crêpe; about $55. Wear-Right gloves; Fiancées shoes; all at Arnold Constable. Dress, also at Best's Apparel. Hat by Emme. Nettie Rosenstein handbag. *Right:* A soft chemise shape, with more softness in the new fabric team-up: black silk organdie over red and black plaid cotton. Little bows (chemises have a soft spot for these) are parked at the overbloused hipline, on the shoulders. By John Carter; about $90, at Saks Fifth Avenue; J. P. Allen. Black shiny straw Breton, by Emme. *Below:* Chemise with a two-piece look, both tiers hanging in soft columnar slimness. The shoulders are simply tapered straps, and wide bows. By Harou, of black silk crêpe; about $55 at Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson.







GUY BOURDIN

The new lace action—disciplinary



Here, six ways a woman might manage most of the new shapes in fashion now. The management, in every case, provided by lace—not only one of the prettiest foundations for a foundation but, surprisingly, one of the very persuasive.
Far left: Longish strapless brassière of lace made with Ban-Lon yarn, cut low at the front and back. A tautened midriff is one of its accomplishments, a higher rounded bosom is another. (For at least one dress that insists on both, see page 80). By Lily of France; $12.50. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Near left: News in keeping with the lifted-waist idea—a girdle with a four-inch rise above the waistline (and a good deal of control below that). By Treo, of nylon lace and nylon power net; $18.50. Longevity news that applies here—and throughout the foundations department: Lastic Life, a liquid soap that's especially kind to all forms of corsetry. This, and the girdle, at Lord & Taylor. Girdle, also: Sakowitz.
Below: A pantie girdle with a firm grasp of the chemise-situation. Front and back panels are satin woven with Lastex; elsewhere—two-way power lace of firmly reinforced nylon and cotton. By Simone; $10. Best's; Marshall Field.



GUY BOURDIN



The new lace action

Far left: The good-works plan
in progress here—neater waistline
(this brassière stops inches *below* waist level),
flatter midriff, softly rounded bosom.
Dacron lace lined with marquisette
is the main controlling factor,
with elasticized Dacron taking care of
the side interests. By Bali; $12.50.
Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres.
Near left: An all-in-one that could make
almost any figure chemiseable—or more so.
This, lace and power net, of Du Pont nylon,
with a top-wired décolleté brassière.
By Poirette; $29.50.
At Altman's; Frederick & Nelson.
Below: Long-legged pantie-girdle that's
about equal—in effect—to months of exercise.
The fragile-looking power behind it: lace of
nylon power net, reinforced where muscles
generally need extra support—
abdomen, hips, derrière.
The garters, incidentally,
run sub-girdle—and smooth. $18.50.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel.



GOSSIPY MEMO ON BRAZIL

For this report, a Vogue editor flew to Brazil, made these travellers' notes.

Flying down to Rio Although Varig Airlines' jet planes, next year, will cut present flying time in half, the flight now, all twenty-two hours of it, is extraordinarily pleasurable, partly because the airline has a tender feeling about its passengers who seem to eat their way to South America. The food is superb. Luncheon in courses, for instance, takes about two hours from the time the liquor wagon floats by with a white-jacketed bartender. Later, another silver wagon floats by with a choice including fresh *malossol* caviar, smoked salmon, and Strasbourg *foie gras*. After each passenger is given a tray with lavender linen mats and napkins, another wagon appears with cold, rare roast beef and hot *filet mignon;* on the dessert wagon there might be peaches as big as small cantaloupes, plums as big as baseballs (but sweeter), and pastries. With all this goes a choice of wines, ending with champagne and brandy. At dinner, the routine starts all over again. Grace note: going down, Varig is putting in a new sleeper service on Tuesdays and Saturdays; on Thursdays and Sundays, there are long stretch-out chairs. Cost: round trip, first class $828, plus $55 for berth. Varig, by the way, flies to, among other places, São Paulo, Salvador da Bahia, Pôrto Alegre.

Rio de Janeiro *In Rio, there always seems to be a little man on the sidewalk selling hot topazes. (Actually, excellent topazes, as well as aquamarines, amethysts, and tourmalines, are sold in good shops.)*

On a loop of blue ocean, the Copacabana Palace faces a white beach, marbled with green and somewhat perilous surf, and combines the pleasures of resort and city. This hotel, like Varig, has a refreshing attitude towards its guests, treating them like guests *rather than paying intruders. The air-conditioned hotel has double rooms with bath, which cost around $8 a day without meals. More elaborate, however, and slightly more costly ($15 daily), are the handsome Copacabana Palace Annex apartments, with kitchenettes and electric refrigerators. Some apartments, which look across the pool to the ocean beyond, have two balconies, one at either end of the living room. The hotel has a white terrace with a long blue pool and, by eleven o'clock in the morning, the little tables flanked by lounging chairs are filled with bathers, who stay around through luncheon. At its smart night club, the Golden Room, there is dancing and a succession of French and American stars, usually toothsome women singers. Nearer town, the Hotel Glória overlooks Guanabara Bay, has a swimming pool; double rooms with bath are about $7 a day. Note: One of the best hairdressers in Rio is Renaud at the Copacabana Palace Hotel. A simple shampoo and set may take three or four hours. No tension.*

Late at night, people go to Sacha's, a small dark boîte *with red tablecloths of rough tweed, black and white draperies, and black and white plates. The* côtellette Kiev *is especially good—so is the music.*

São Paulo Brazilians who have never seen Chicago call São Paulo the Chicago of Brazil, although it is not at all like Chicago. The Hotel Jaragua has good big rooms, easy fast service, and an attractive, if unglamourous, look. Opposite the flower market, a good French restaurant, La Casserole, has delicious French food, and so has another place, La Popote. As there are several hundred thousand Italians in the state of São Paulo, there are naturally many Italian restaurants—Ca' d'Oro is particularly good. Note: there is apt to be a confusion for foreigners in such words as Guaruja, which is a summer resort near Santos; Guaraná, a delectable fruit drink, bottled; Jaragua, the hotel; and Guarnieri, the important Brazilian composer.

Salvador da Bahia *About three hours' flight from Rio, going north, Salvador da Bahia is an old city on a ravishing bay. The air is soft and sweet, and everything that ought to be green is intensely green. On the main streets, the fig trees are cut at the top into rectangular platters of green; the houses are all colours, but mostly a poisonous green. In the bay there are always, even on dark days, a few sailing* *(Continued on page 130)*

Parties made-to-order →

Opposite: Portrait of a party almost underway—nothing missing but the guests, and they'll be along in a month or so. What you see now (the makings of a summer benefit dance, perhaps, or a gala birthday party) was designed for Vogue by Harry Bell well in advance of the garden-party season—parties like this take planning, as well they might.* Part of the plan here: a pink canvas tent, made-to-order, and a garden, *any* garden. Tent and poles are garlanded with ferns and field flowers (both unreal) and straw cornucopias, high up on the centre pole, spill over with branching sprays of foliage. Meanwhile, each small pink-clothed table beside the dance floor holds a candlestick wired for light, its base wreathed in greenery, its "flame" surrounded by butterflies—tiny ones made of Chinese silk. From the roof, on invisible wires, float still more butterflies, all colours, all sizes. *More garden-party plans on page 123.

JAN BALET

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



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Nice weather for parties

Since even the smallest house grows larger when the weather warms up, when windows and terraces and gardens open, this issue's Fashions in Living section is a sort of party-prompter—with plans for little parties (luncheons, for instance), big party-of-a-lifetime parties (see the made-to-order parties, pages 122-124), and some in-between parties (see the children's party decorations, page 120).

To begin: plans for luncheons and dinners that look toward the menu-changes possible when the new weather's fruits and vegetables come in.

Luncheon Menu Number One: The pre-bridge luncheon *needn't* coast along in unimaginative "casserole-and-salad" fashion at any time of year—and certainly not with April here. Nor are the alternatives necessarily staggering. What they can be, as this one indicates, is much more interesting. The asparagus is honoured with a course all to itself (there should be some kind of ceremony instituted for the first asparagus of the year, and this is a likely start). The sweetbreads should be served surrounded by the tomatoes, and the salad is to be eaten concurrently, perhaps on those little crescent-shaped plates that fit beside the luncheon plates. A light Alsatian wine, such as the Gewurtztraminer, could be served throughout—up to and including the Apricots Chantilly.

ASPARAGUS
hollandaise sauce
SWEETBREADS APOLLO
TOMATOES À LA PROVENÇALE
FIELD SALAD WITH CELERY JULIENNE
CORN STICKS
Gewurtztraminer—Hugel, 1953
FRESH APRICOTS CHANTILLY
(Halved fruit, folded into whipped cream flavoured with Mirabelle)
LACE COOKIES
COFFEE

Luncheon Menu Number Two: A more serious eating plan here—the soufflé has to be served promptly and it might even be well to include a hint to this effect in the invitations. The richness of the sauce makes any extra dishes, such as hot vegetables, unnecessary; the cucumber salad is all the more welcome for the same reason.

JELLIED ESSENCE OF TOMATO
parsley and basil garnish
CHEESE PASTRIES
SOUFFLÉ OF SOLE
SAUCE NORMANDE
with tiny shrimp, oysters, and mushrooms in a white wine and cream sauce
THIN-SLICED CUCUMBER SALAD WITH FRESH DILL
FRENCH ROLLS
A Moselle wine: Piesporter, 1953
SLICED PEARS AND BLACK AND WHITE GRAPES
with slivered fresh almonds and kirsch
PETITS FOURS SECS
COFFEE

The soufflé is made by poaching the fillets of sole in white wine until just done (8 or 10 minutes). Half the fillets are then used to line a buttered 3-quart soufflé dish, while the rest are flaked up in the usual way and added to the regular soufflé mixture. For the Sauce Normande, make a velouté of the liquid left over from poaching the sole, plus ⅓ cup butter and ⅓ cup flour. Then poach 24 small oysters or mussels for 5 minutes, and 24 small quartered mushrooms in a little water with lemon juice and a tablespoon of butter. Beat 2 egg yolks into ½ cup cream and add to the velouté, and follow with the mushrooms and fish. Heat thoroughly, and keep hot in a double boiler until serving time.

Dinner Menu Number One: Here, a jellied turtle soup replaces the more complicated fish entrée that might be served with the same meal in, say, mid-March. Basting the baby lamb with white wine and a little bouillon produces the perfect accompanying sauce in the form of a gravy with no thickening needed. (A spoonful of butter might be swirled in at the last minute, if desired.)

JELLIED TURTLE SOUP
with sherry
RACK OF BABY LAMB
basted with white wine and bouillon
BUTTERED FLAGEOLETS
PURÉE OF CARROTS VICHY
a dash of cloves added
FRENCH BREAD
Volnay, Clos de Fremiet, 1953
GREEN SALAD
LA GRAPPE CHEESE
CRACKERS
SAINT-HONORÉ
Barsac, Château Climens
MOCHA

(Continued on next page)





Parties

Dinner Menu Number Two: A meal dedicated to late-spring dining might begin, like this one, with a soup of puréed water cress, its delicate pale green as sure a sign of the season as the roast veal that follows it. With the veal, which is at peak tenderness at this time of the year, goes a champagne sauce for bringing out—as opposed to spicing up—the fine, bland flavour of the meat itself. Dessert, after this, returns to the garden freshness of the soup: strawberry ice, fresh pineapple. A cool, sparkling Vouvray may be served throughout.

POTAGE CRESSONIÈRE
ROAST VEAL
CHAMPAGNE, TARRAGON, AND CREAM SAUCE
BRAISED ENDIVE
BROCCOLI
with butter sauce
LITTLE CROISSANTS
Sparkling Vouvray
STRAWBERRY ICE RING
filled with fresh pineapple in rum
SPONGE CAKE FINGERS OF MADELEINES
MOCHA

To make the Champagne Sauce, melt 3 tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and steam in it, until soft, the following minced vegetables: 4 shallots, 4 large mushrooms, 1 small carrot, and 1 stalk of celery; plus a bouquet garni of parsley, thyme, bay leaf, and 1 bruised branch of fresh tarragon. Add 2 splits of champagne and reduce by one-third, simmering gently. Meanwhile, make a velouté of ⅓ cup butter, ⅓ cup flour, and 2 cups well-seasoned bouillon. Add the vegetables, wine, and seasoning and let simmer a little longer, then strain the whole through a fine sieve. Add ½ cup cream and bring to a boil. Then add 2 tablespoons fresh chopped tarragon and, off the fire, a spoonful of butter.

New "jewels" for the table:

diamond-shaped sterling silver

At left: First look at the first flat silver of its kind—a revolutionary design by the Italian architect, Gio Ponti, whose predilection for the diamond shape in everything from automobile designs to upholstery fabrics has produced this idea for American houses. In use, this is what to expect of the new flatware, designed for Reed & Barton: a silver that handles well, is smooth to the touch, is able to mix with an astonishing range of antique silvers. Note to the American woman who is planning to make room for The Diamond Pattern at her table: the back of each piece is flat, for marking in the European fashion. Place setting, $42.50 including tax. At Georg Jensen.

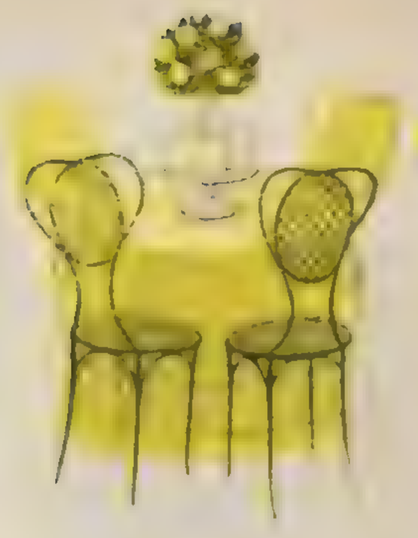
A children's party, here, on the bread-and-circus side—that can be arranged informally, enjoyed thoroughly. The theme: helium balloons with attachments like the plankton floating here—Japanese tissue-paper fish. Other attachments might be paper mobiles to build games around. The party dresses, all with their own attachments. for extra wear. *Above:* Rompers with button-on skirt, shown left, adding up to a dress for a very little girl. By Nannette, of mint-green cotton, in sizes 9 to 18 months. $4 at Bloomingdale's. *Right:* Dress with jacket, shown unjacketed in the upheld balloon. The sleeveless dress is stripe-bound white piqué; jacket, navy-blue and white striped denim, bound in red. By Cinderella, in sizes 3 to 6x; $6 at Altman's.

GUY BOURDIN

Balloon party for the young

Far left: Pinafore dress with bloomers, both dotted. The dress, clear blue cotton with white pin dots, its stitched collar piped in narrow lace; bloomers are in the same fabric with dots reversed—white with blue. In the stratosphere above this picture, the dress again, this time with bloomers showing. By Yolande, of cotton with Everglaze crease resistance, in sizes 3 to 6x; about $8 at Best's. *Near left:* A sun dress with blouse that can also be a bolero, worn *out*side. The square-necked dress is cotton in orange and white stripes; the back-buttoned blouse inside is solid orange cotton. The dress, de-bloused, appears in the overhead balloon. By Tiny Town Togs, in sizes 7 to 14; $6 at Best's. *Below: Cherchez l'homme*—in this case, a young man studying the floating phenomena through his telescope. He wears an Eton suit of polished cotton in natural colour (its two parts combinable with other shorts and jackets, for extra wear, too). Suit by Imp Originals, of Galey & Lord fabric, in sizes 3 to 6; $11 at Best's. Clothes, this page, also at Hutzler's. Shoes, both pages, from Best's. Telescope and hoop: F. A. O. Schwarz.

Parties made-to-order



Sketched here, settings for three of next summer's most successful parties—dates, guest lists, and hostesses still undetermined. Only thing definite so far: everybody's going to have a perfectly marvellous time—you can tell *that* at a glance. (All three parties, and a fourth on page 115, were designed for Vogue by Harry Bell, whose party package plan is gone into, next page along with other nice-weather party ideas.)

Directly right:



A party planned around one of the little lacy summerhouses often found on the grounds of country houses. Strips of blue and white striped canvas are suspended from a centre pole rising from its roof and then, continuing over a two-tiered framework, are tied back like curtains around the slender outer poles. The summerhouse, painted yellow like the wooden moon above the tent, becomes a bandstand, with guests seated at little lamplit tables around a dance floor arranged for dancing-in-the-round.

Far right:



Unreal topiary trees mark off the setting of what might be a young girl's coming-out party. A miniature bandstand, canopied in white, occupies one end of the dance floor: tables dressed in scalloped cloths, green-and-white petticoats.

Left: A garden party right out of the *Arabian Nights*, beneath a pleasure dome of yellow-green canvas. Here, the tent poles masquerade as fruit trees—lemon, orange, nectarine—with the centre one bearing an improbable mix of all three fruits. The tables wear lemon-yellow cloths with stencilled borders.

From the Arabian Nights

JAN BALET



Victoriana, with summerhouse

Topiary: style Directoire



Parties made-to-order

The package plan includes tents, tables, guaranteed delivery dates

"One garden party, please—something in blue and green, perhaps, and one of the larger sizes."
"When would you want that delivered, Mrs. Abernethy? Will the second Saturday in June be satisfactory?"
Some such conversation might have been *dreamed* by a hostess faced with the planning of a really big party, but it's unlikely that it would have happened in real life. Not until quite recently, at any rate, when the talented firm of Harry Bell, Inc., launched out into the business of planning other people's parties. The idea got its start in a small way some six years ago: as a young designer of window displays in New York, Mr. Bell answered a call from a harried southern woman in search of props for a party. He not only produced the missing props, but also wound up planning the decorations altogether—and the party was a success.

These days, the firm of Harry Bell, Inc., is busy planning parties as far afield as California and even Venezuela—and delivering on schedule. It happens like this: Mr. Bell works out a party "package" that includes not only a theme and decorations, but also the number of chairs and tables needed, service facilities, accommodation for overnight guests, and the like. Then, with his associate, William Stein, in a studio dedicated to the purpose, he undertakes the actual construction of the whole. Tents are a specialty, from mere bandstand canopies to full-size pavilions capable of seating (and dancing) upwards of five hundred guests. (For examples, see the preceding pages.)

Once a party is designed and built, it is loaded onto vans and sent on its way. Tents, chairs, tables (with centrepieces), and dance floors will arrive on schedule at Mrs. Abernethy's to be assembled by a Bell crew, in time for the festivities. Only items not included in the package: the orchestra, if any, and the food itself. Almost anything else can be. The firm once coped successfully with the problem of what to do with two-hundred-and-fifty young men invited to an out-of-town coming-out party, with no hotels available. The answer: a tent town filled with army cots, plus sixteen showers, a clothes-pressing tent, telephones, and a kitchen. A summer-empty boarding school housed the young women guests.

In fact, coming-out parties as a genre are apt to provoke Mr. Bell to spectacular exertions. One débutante and her guests danced all night beneath a turquoise-blue tent festooned with swags of fish net filled with unreal seaweed, gilded starfish, and sea shells. Little white-covered tables were swathed in pink fish net, caught up at the corners by clumps of seaweed, pink and gold shells, bubbles, and golden sea horses. The centrepieces were pyramids of gilded starfish, piled with more shells and sea horses.

Another memorable *fête* involved a sea-green tent with swags of blue, blue-green, and cerise canvas, trailing ivy. A great white chandelier suspended from the centre of the tent was wound with more ivy, and the blue-covered tables below bore baskets of fresh flowers. Outside, the grey brick garden walls were banked with pink peonies, purple petunias. As the twilight darkened, little lights, hung in distant trees across a meadow, twinkled on one by one.

Not *all* Bell-designed parties are productions on this scale, however. A very young girl—not coming out, just celebrating her seventh birthday—entertained her guests on little gilt chairs drawn up to pink-covered tables. Each celebrant received a nosegay of fresh flowers and, instead of a napkin, a pink organdie apron, its pockets filled with small presents. The centrepieces: lollipop trees, made of wire and covered with pink and red candies.

''LAUGH?''

(*Continued from page 73*)

seating himself at a piano and improvising such satires on popular themes as "I'm So Miserable Without You, It's Almost Like Having You Around" and "The Things That You Told To Kinsey, Are The Things You Should Have Told Me." I witnessed his improvisation of "I'd Go From Rags To Riches, If I Could Find A Wealthy Girl," and "How You Gonna Keep Them Down On The Farm, After They've Seen The Farm."

He developed this repertoire of comedy songs caricaturing the works of the most successful members of ASCAP, pointing up the clichés and ridiculing their standards. At a dinner party in my house one night, Burrows sang, "It's Not Love; You're Just Sick." A few months later, when *Call Me Madam* opened, one of Irving Berlin's hit songs in the show was, "You're Not Sick, You're Just in Love." Burrows said, "If I'd been less cynical, I'd be rich."

My neighbour soon attended so many dinner parties that when Louis B. Mayer, hearing Burrows had arrived in Hollywood for a brief visit, phoned to invite him to dinner and added, "You won't have to wear black tie. Business suit will do," Abe replied, "But black tie is all I have. I have no business suit."

He once tested portions of a new night-club act before some dinner guests at my house. "If you don't laugh, it doesn't necessarily mean my show's bad," he said. "It just means I get fired." To William Saroyan, who was among the guests, Burrows declared, "There really never was any country named Armenia: Armenia is a place invented by William Saroyan and Michael Arlen."

He wanted to make an appointment with Robert E. Sherwood who said he'd be busy in Boston receiving an honourary degree from Harvard. "And you're going to Boston just for that?" said Burrows. "Bob, I think you're function-happy. You'll go anywhere you're invited."

After *Guys and Dolls*, his professional talents were enlisted by producers of shows in trouble out-of-town. For his play doctoring they paid him handsome fees. He went to Philadelphia to decorate the script of Preston Sturges' ill-fated *Make a Wish*. After he returned to New York, a friend asked him, "Abe, how's your show?"

"*My* show? Why *my* show?" Burrows shrugged. "Does a doctor own a patient?"

One of New York's richest men, who wanted to monopolize Burrows' wit, invited Abe to accompany him on a journey through Europe. "If you come with me, Abe," he began, "we'll go to the Edinburgh Festival. We'll hear the Budapest String Quartet. We'll see the Glynbourne Opera Company."

"Sounds just like owning a Capehart," replied Burrows. "Incidentally, owning any machine which plays twenty records in a row is like increasing your household by one member—the repair man."

When Sir Gladwyn Jebb was Britain's Ambassador to the UN, he became a Burrows fan, saw *Guys and Dolls* eight times. At a party at our house, on the eve of Abe's departure for England to stage the London production of *Guys and Dolls*, Sir Gladwyn asked if Abe planned to stay in London for the Coronation. "Sorry, but no," said Burrows. "I know that Elizabeth will be crowned. I never like to go to an event if I know how it's going to turn out."

He was once at a dinner party with the Aga Khan, of whom he said, "If the Aga Khan doesn't behave, his subjects will take drastic revenge—they'll take away his scales."

Burrows heard my wife tell our dinner guests that our eldest son was ready for college. Abe advised, "Send him to Columbia University. It's the best in the world." My wife explained that our first-born was anxious to spend his college years away from home. "Columbia is such a great university," Burrows insisted, "send him to Columbia—and you and Leonard and the rest of your family move to Boston."

After he succeeded in salvaging the musical, *Silk Stockings*, the walls of the Burrows apartment began bulging with his framed, accumulated prizes. He said of them, "Only two groups of people believe that prizes are important: one, those that give 'em, and two, those that get 'em."

I don't know if Phyllis McGinley's husband also has won prizes for his wit. But I *do* know that it was of Abe Burrows, and nobody else, that the Duchess of Windsor said, at a dinner party where she had to dab her eyes frequently because of her constant laughter, "I wish somebody would invent an anti-Burrows mascara."



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WHAT YOUR LOOKS REVEAL

(Continued from page 92)

Psychological interpretation

If you scored at least 13, you belong in the Vogue's eye view of a beauty. She considers well-applied, currently-in-taste make-up and coiffures automatic grooming—a pleasant necessity for pleasant contact with her world. She experiments with new beauty products. She accepts or rejects beauty ideas with a perfectly candid eye. She is not upset if on some days she can not arrange herself quite as perfectly as on others (any more than she would stay awake if she were once forced to go to bed without brushing her teeth); but, on the other well-cared-for hand, she tries for a consistent performance of looking her best. Above all, she has the desire to be attractive.

The psychologist sees her as flexible, vigilant, attuned, creative, aware of the latest trends in many things. She is in step, looking forward. She is, furthermore, realistic and does well by herself with *all* that she has—since she knows her assets and potentialities, and can do the most with them.

If you scored less than 13, consider your situation not only in the light of how you look—and let that be a good strong light—but also in the stern glare of the following psychological interpretation. For, while appearances can be deceiving, psychologists have found that their first impressions of how well a woman presents herself visually, how "organized" she looks, very often prove sound clues to ultimate conclusions. In some instances, of course, a woman may look well and be carefully groomed but still have great emotional problems. The fact that she tries to present an attractive face is, in this case, an indication of mental health.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Hider who seems to want no seekers. She wears the minimum (or no) make-up, not because she is careless, but because she is very carefully trying to be unobtrusive; covers her face as much as possible with her hair—or, if she has exceptionally pretty hair, tries to minimize *its* beauty by dragging it back into a mousy bun, or shearing it off. She ducks her head, shrinks into chairs. She seems to be as deliberate in trying to hide and nullify her good looks as most women are in trying to exploit and encourage theirs.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Hider is truly a secretive person—somewhat suspicious and self-conscious, too. She wants to avoid the very attention she actually brings on herself (*no* lipstick is more conspicuous, after all, than lipstick). She is guilt-laden about many things that belong quite naturally to her life. She not only will not seek—it is hard for her to accept. A poor concept of herself gives rise to self-recrimination and doubts. The responsibility to own up to being attractive is too much for her to bear, and so she succumbs to the only adjustment mechanism she knows: withdrawal.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Unchanging: This woman keeps slavishly to the make-up and coiffure of some past period, in which she apparently felt herself successful—or, perhaps, she is only harking back to her youth. Her face is a period piece (although her clothes may be current). The effect is grotesque, because not only have the times changed—but her actual physical appearance has changed too. She is out of tune with her contemporaries, and with the person she used to be.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Unchanging: This woman is rigid, regressive, and tends to cling to the past in many ways ("the good old days," "oh to be young again"). And she uses a cloud of sweet innocence to hide her

natural drives. This individual is out of step with herself and with society since she lacks definition and delineation. Instead of asking "Who am I?" she asks "Where was I and what am I doing here?" Rigidity and slavish respect for the past make her unable to go forward. She is obsessive regarding her past successes, if any.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Slob doesn't care—and she wants you to know that, *see?* If she is occasionally forced to try to improve her appearance, she fails. She has no real interest and she has not developed the simplest technique to achieve even a fitful attractiveness.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Slob's attitude is simply take me or leave me—and if you do, why do you leave me! Her poor self-concept is projected to others, and then she wonders what drives them away. The obsessive-repulsive type has a form of passive hostility: she makes an obsession out of being repulsed, and, what is more, is usually successful.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Super-facial uses cosmetics in such quantity, and for such extreme purposes of distortion, as to create a comic disguise. This entirely false face is not to be confused with the frank artificiality of currently fashionable make-up (when eyelids are tinted unreally, but prettily). This is grotesque fakery—a clownish masque.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Super-facial: All of this woman's emotional investment is in her own face—this is extreme narcissism. She applies a façade behind which she hides her true picture—even to herself. She avoids her own self-perceptions, lest she be recognized as she sees herself. For her, make-up is more than camouflage; it is necessary protective colouring.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Who-needs-it?—This is a type of such seeming assurance that while she may put on her lipstick with a bold hand, she disdains any other artifice. She is blatantly shiny-faced, short-nailed, and sensibly-coiffed. She seems to feel she's quite above normal beautifying.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Who-needs-it? The professional naturalist, she thinks she has what it takes. But often she can't use what she has and is. She has a fierce drive to avoid cosmetics. In her protests, she betrays her preoccupations. Thus she remains fixated and preoccupied at a former level of immaturity.

THE WORLD SEES:

The Mirror-addict is a woman who spends endless time, thought, and money on the cultivation of her beauty. She frets if she breaks a fingernail, is in despair when her hair refuses to obey her directions. She is frightened if she is unable to devote as much time as she considers necessary to her beauty rituals. And she is distressed if her mirror does not reflect her own image of her own perfection.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST SEES:

The Mirror-addict's reflection is part of the compulsive ritualistic ceremony centring about this woman's face. In other words, she is the type who sees not what is actually there, but what she wishes. She gazes into her mirror, each time, hopeful that she will not see what she finds. And yet, she is compelled to keep looking.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Evelyn Haynes, a former Vogue editor, wrote this article, a "first" of its kind, basing it on her own research and the scientific expertise of Dr. Arthur Weider, a clinical psychologist now practising in New York. Dr. Weider, who has served on the staffs of several universities and medical schools, specializes in psychodiagnosis and aptitude testing.*

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WHAT MAKES A MAN MEMORABLE?

(Continued from page 105)

party to which I was invited. I went alone because my husband had to leave town, but her husband was there. All of the guests observed us closely and whispered. I was so highly embarrassed that, to put an end to their curiosity, destroy their slander, and redeem myself with a scandalous performance which would at least prove that I had a heart, I came very close, that evening, to throwing myself into the arms of my pursuer in front of the whole group.

As we were taking leave of our hostess, he requested permission to see me home. We all left together and at the mere thought of the unfavourable comments my refusal would elicit from the others, I announced to my chauffeur that I would not be needing him. Thus, out of fear of my critics, I left with a man I was very close to hating.

We had dined in Buda, I lived in Pest, and while crossing one of the bridges that link these two cities which are really one, he had the car stopped. "What a lovely night!" he exclaimed. "See, how beautiful the moon is. Come along; let's watch the Danube flow by together." I refused. He got out, leaned with his elbows on the parapet and stayed there quite a while. Then he returned to my side and declared that I had deprived him of all the joys of life, that I had broken his heart, that his wounded pride was forcing him to end his own existence and that, before my very eyes, he was going to put an end to his life. A feverish exaltation underscored the lugubrious nature of the threat contained in his words. I was so frightened that I seized his arms as if I had the strength to hold him back. He broke loose, stepped back, and looked at me. Then, with a movement of authority, he encircled my shoulders and kissed me. I did not repulse him. That kiss which I accepted without returning was the kiss any woman would give to a man to encourage him to live, and the man who had given it was too sensitive not to understand. A flood of sadness invaded his face and I was conscious of having only added to his unhappiness.

"Before that kiss, I could still hope that your coldness toward me hid feelings which your principles forbade you to make clear to me." he said. "Now I know that your whole attitude was sincere and that you do not love me."

I tried to reason with him. tried to make him believe that he held a place in my heart and, hoping to bring him back to life even at the expense of compromising myself somewhat, I asked him to come to my house the next day at five in the afternoon. I even promised that he would find me alone.

He had unnerved me. That whole night I spent half-awake. Sometime during the next morning, I went by the Hotel Dunapalota to visit his wife in her bed.

"Talk, please talk," she begged me. "You know I have never distrusted you and I can see you have something to tell me."

And so I shared with her the distressing and baneful intentions of her husband. "I thought that a slight glimmer of hope might make him reconsider and I have promised that I shall expect him at my house today at five," I said. She thanked me for my honesty but she was in tears.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"What can you do?" I repeated. "Well, if I were you, I would pretend to commit suicide."

"Why pretend? I bother him, I bore him, he doesn't even listen when I talk to him. Last night he didn't come in to say good night and this morning, late as it is, I have yet to see him. Whether he is in love with you or with some other, my misfortune is the same, and if I no longer exist for him, if I have already lost him, I have no longer the slightest reason for living."

"You are forgetting the children," I said.

She conjured up, I suppose, the sorrows that her death would cause them; she was attending, I think, her own funeral for she hid her face in her hands and cried out, "No, no! I don't want to leave them." Then she was silent and we were both sitting there lost in thought when her husband came in and took us by surprise.

"Such stillness," he remarked.

"Come here," she said. "Make me happy and stay a moment with us."

He excused himself. "No, I am in a hurry. I must go see my lawyer now, I'm lunching in town and there is much to accomplish before the end of the afternoon."

She asked him at whose house he was having lunch.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied. His reply distressed her; she lost her bearing, could not check herself, and burst into sobs.

"Ah, these nervous women! What a bore! I detest scenes and since it is clear that I have a talent for upsetting you, I shall leave. Louise will manage to calm you, I hope," he concluded as he left the room.

She wept for a time, then in a trembling voice, she spoke to me of her marriage and the happy years she had known.

Her doctor's arrival interrupted her story. He found her quite weak and took her wrist as he questioned her on her condition. But instead of answering him, she begged him to sit down and listen. The doctor was an old friend to whom she could speak freely. She relayed to him all that was in her heart. After he had expressed his deep regret on the hopelessness of the situation, she explained to him how she thought she might be able to save her husband and regain his affection by a simulated suicide. "But without your help, it's impossible. So help me, please help me," she said. "I appeal to your benevolence."

The doctor deliberated for a long time, then replied, "Nothing could be easier. A little while ago your husband hurt you badly. He left without letting you know his movements, but you know he won't be back here before the end of the day. So I am going to order an ambulance immediately and have you taken to my private hospital. Countess," he continued, addressing himself now to me, "manage to wear an air of desolation when he comes to your house this afternoon. You will announce to him, with all discretion, that because of him his wife is in danger of losing her life."

Some minutes later, two attendants carefully laid out my friend on a stretcher and carried her away. Motionless, her eyes half-closed, she seemed completely unconscious, but she was laughing to herself. "Fainting spell," muttered the doctor.

The day seemed long until five o'clock. "Here I am waiting impatiently for the one man in all the world who has so annoyed me. What irony!" I thought to myself.

As soon as he came into my house, he understood from my manner of looking at him that I had something serious to tell him. Since he kept asking me insistently why I was silent, I informed him, hestitating and searching carefully for my words, that his wife had swallowed a whole bottle of sleeping medicine, that, in her despair, she had wanted to kill herself, and that her condition was very serious.

"Where is she? Where is she? Oh, Good Lord," he cried, throwing his arms into the air.

I offered to go along with him to her bedside. He agreed and we left.

"My wife, my wife . . . Oh, Lord, Lord! Is she dead? Can it be possible? Tell me the truth." He kept repeating such things all the whole way to the hospital. These same questions he pressed on the busy nurses whom we met in the hospital lobby. I explained to one of them who we were and she led us to Room 44 and opened the door very gently.

The doctor had calculated nicely and was expecting our visit. Pensive, in the shadows, he watched the pseudo-dying woman.

"Shhh, shhh," he muttered, turning to us. But my companion could not repress an outcry at the sight of his wife in that hospital room badly lighted by a solitary night lamp. He knelt at her side, resting his forehead against the side of the bed, and begged her not to die. He whispered to her all the tenderest words love can find. He confessed his shortcomings and asked her pardon for all the suffering he had caused. He added that he had been the plaything of a dream, that his reason had left him for a period but that his heart had remained faithful to her. "Live for me! I am not a monster; you know that. I love you, I love only you and, in the future, I shall think only of your happiness. Do not die. Do not leave me."

These confessions, these declarations of love, his prayer justified from her a slight movement reassuring the miserable man. The doctor and I, touched,

(Continued on page 130)



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GOSSIPY MEMO ON BRAZIL

(Continued from page 114)

boats, their prows turned up like the toes of Turkish slippers. Somewhere in view in the countryside, there are usually donkeys with panniers and women bent over their eternal washing; in town, men in white linen suits, with brief cases in hand, walk around slowly. There is a fury of sound. Buses going downhill sound like trucks going uphill, and young bloods drive around at night without headlights, but with their car mufflers open. At the new and modern Hotel da Bahia, the dining room is noisy, mainly because the American technicians working in Bahia dine there with their wives and small children who usually cry at least once during meals. (Brazilian children never seem to cry in public.) Cost for two without meals, $7 a day.

In Bahia, there are about six hundred houses of Candomblé, which is pure African voodoo ritual with a Catholic overlay. One such ceremony took place in a big white room, bright with round globes of light, with, in a corner, a pale-blue altar rimmed with unshaded bulbs, like a carrousel. To the drumming of three musicians, five women and a six-year-old girl, all in belling starched white dresses, danced continuously while an old woman, toothless, her head bound in a white scarf, called out variations in an African dialect.

Suddenly one of the dancers, with an adhesive bandage on her heel, went into a trance, shoulders shaking violently, and apparently started to collapse until a tall, thin woman, with pink polish on her nails, rushed out to hold up the tranced figure. (In her white uniform, the tall woman seemed like a nurse.) On the sidelines, sat a ninety-four-year-old priestess, shaking a silver bell and holding court. The dancers in trance fell eventually at her feet, bowing like Muslims, while she gave the gesture of blessing, which looked like the Orthodox Hebrew hand sign for priests. A Candomblé, incidentally, lasts for hours.

On Sundays there is usually a *copeiro*, a combination of dancing, wrestling, and foot fighting. The barefoot participants simulate an acrobatic fight to music while the crowd watches under a thatched roof. One of the musicians might be a teacher of English literature and another, a well-known artist.

Ways to go By sea and air, there are half a dozen ways to go to Brazil. Apart from the Varig flights, the airliners of Pan American, Braniff, Real, and Aerolineas Argentinas fly regularly to Brazil. For a long, lazing sea voyage, cruise ships and freighters; among them, the ships of Moore-McCormack, Delta, and the Argentine State Line touch Brazilian ports of call.

WHAT MAKES A MAN MEMORABLE?

(Continued from page 129)

checked our tears. But she did not budge and continued to play dead. He looked at her, "Good Lord, how pale she is! Good Lord, I don't recognize her," he murmured. Then he rose quickly, led the doctor out of the room and asked him his opinion of her condition.

"Alas, we shall have to wait and I must admit to you that I am uncertain of the outcome," the doctor replied.

That evening her room looked like a flower shop. She was happy and laughed with me over the success of our stratagem. But as soon as her husband was announced, she would fall back into a lethargy which afflicted him dreadfully.

This cruel comedy lasted several days. At last, on the doctor's orders, they left for the country.

The group of friends on hand to see them off observed them close together in the back of the car carrying them home. As for me, I took my husband's arm, happily, and while we walked back home, I shared with him the whole story I have just told you.

(Translation by J. Robert Loy)

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VOGUE-CHOSEN FASHIONS FOR THE BRUSSELS FAIR

Details and shops for the clothes shown on pages 64-67

1. Red silk organdie evening dress; Wm. Rose silk. By Estévez. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.
2. Red English worsted jersey coat, by Ben Gershel. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's.
3. Orange Wellington Sears terry-cloth jacket, by Haymaker. At Bergdorf Goodman; Burdine's. Floral-printed cotton knit bathing suit, woven with Lastex, by Catalina. At Macy's; Burdine's.
4. White cotton crêpe shirt and brown-and-blue long cotton skirt with sequins, by Polly Hornburg. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.
5. White sail-cloth top and white woven herringbone cotton twill pants, both by White Stag. At Altman's; Addis Co.
6. Orange Bianchini silk chiffon dress, by Talmack. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.
7. Yellow Arnel sharkskin golf dress; by Louise Suggs for David Smith. Saks Fifth Avenue.
8. Bright turquoise Irish linen suit, by Harry Frechtel. At Best's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.
9. Grey silk coat dress with white polka dots, by Monte-Sano & Pruzan. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.
10. Bright Anglo pink wool coat, by George Carmel. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stix, Baer & Fuller.
11. Bright blue ¾-length coat of mohair-nylon-and-wool; by Dan Millstein. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin.
12. Blue rayon faille coat, by Marquise. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
13. Black linen dress, by Donald Brooks. Later at Bendel's Young-Timers; Neiman-Marcus.
14. Short evening dress, with sequinned silk Paisley top, white organdie skirt, by Galanos. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
15. Yellow mohair-and-nylon jacket, by Goldworm. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson.
16. Short evening coat of Abraham acetate ottoman. By Originala. At Altman's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.
17. Checked cotton blouse, blue denim Levis, both at Saks Fifth Avenue.
18. Hot orange mohair-nylon-and-wool coat, by Jack Sarnoff. At Jay Thorpe; Bramson's.
19. Red Galey & Lord plaid cotton bathing suit with cotton coat, by Claire McCardell. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
20. Yellow dress of Dacron-and-cotton broadcloth, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
21. Red cotton printed short dress and coat, by Estévez. At Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Jenny's; Dayton's.
22. Red-and-white Arnel jersey dress, by David Crystal. Best's.
23. White embroidered Swiss cotton organdie party dress bound with red velvet. By Samuel Winston. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.
24. Pink Moygashel linen dress and jacket by Herbert Sondheim. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz.
25. Long evening coat of emerald green silk satin. By Originala. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.
26. White silk crêpe evening dress, embroidered top. By Suzanne Augustine. At Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.
27. Red and navy-blue diagonal striped tweed suit, by Davidow. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin.
28. Short evening dress of poppy-red printed silk shantung. By Suzy Perette. At Russeks; Joseph Magnin.
29. Yellow linen house jacket and pants, lined in pink silk crêpe, by Tina Leser. At Bonwit Teller; Giddings; Best's Apparel.
30. Red Jasco cotton jersey suit with red printed cotton blouse. By Branell. At Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Sakowitz.
31. White cotton organdie evening dress, by Ceil Chapman. To order at Bergdorf Goodman.
32. Orange linen dress, by Samuel Winston. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin.
33. Chemise of Ameritex polished cotton, blue roses, green leaves. By Jonathan Logan. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson.
34. Maillot knitted of red Helanca nylon yarn; cotton coat with printed red flowers. Both by Jant-

(*Continued on page 132*)



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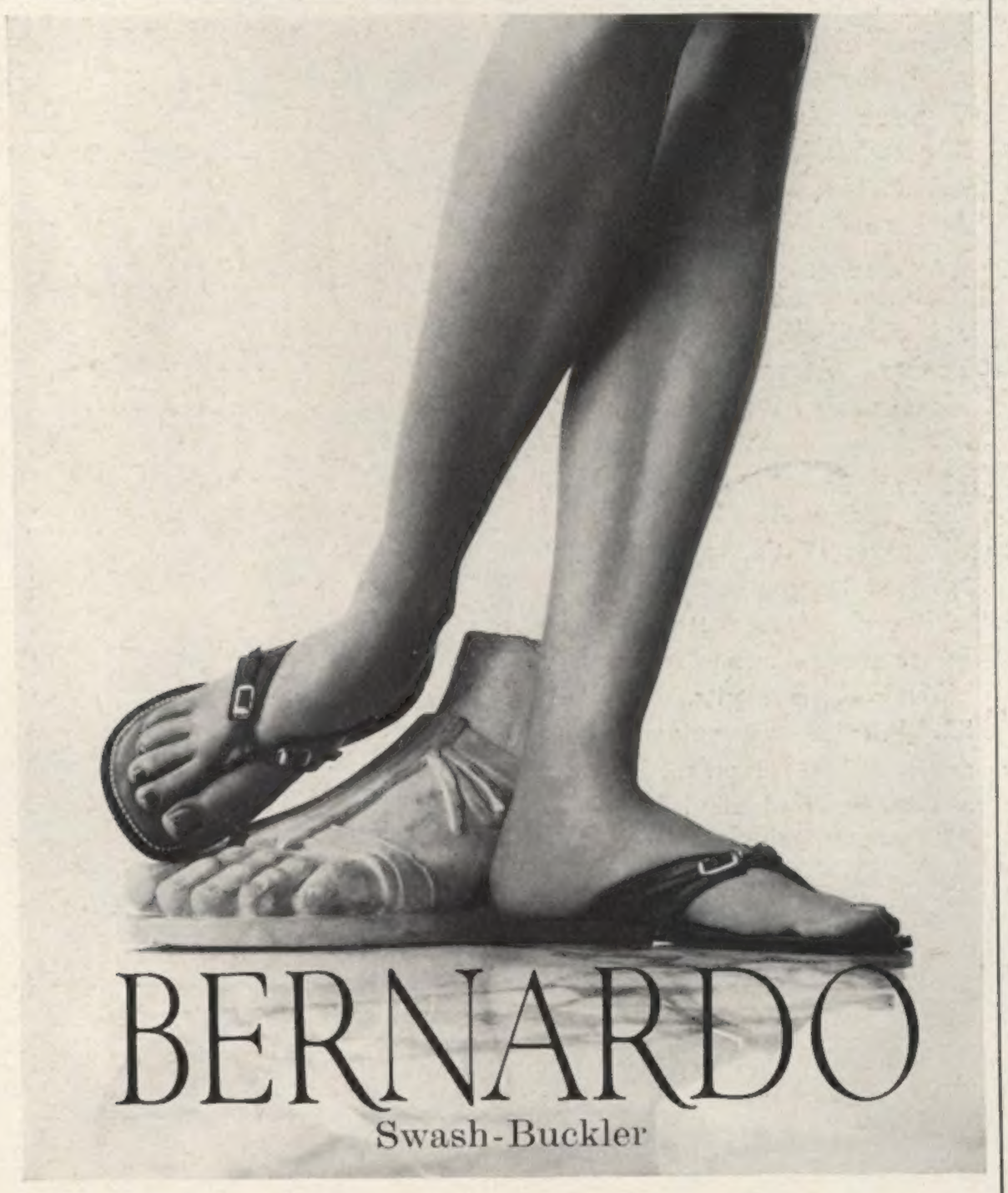
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VOGUE-CHOSEN FASHIONS FOR THE BRUSSELS FAIR

Continued from page 131

zen. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh.

35. Summer evening dress of white Fuller piqué, by Mr. Mort, in junior sizes. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.

36. Bathing chemise, green flowers on the cotton. By Cole of California. White terry-cloth chemise coat, by Gertrude Davenport. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue.

37. Black lace chemise dress over pale silk crêpe; blue rose at bosom. By Mollie Parnis. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus.

38. White bird's eye piqué tennis dress, by Cabana. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jenny's.

39. Orange jacquard cotton dress, by Georgia Bullock. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woolf Brothers; Neiman-Marcus.

40. Black-and-brown block patterned Martex terry-cloth sheath. By John Weitz, in junior sizes. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres.

41. Orange linen chemise, by Adele Simpson. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Frost Bros.

42. Daytime chemise, orange with white dots, cotton-and-cupioni. By Richard Cole. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; The Higbee Co.

43. Black wool poncho coat lined with terry cloth; opens to a beach towel. By Empire Imports, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

44. Black rayon net late-day dress, white dots; by Talmack. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

45. Pink textured silk overblouse; white Arnel sharkskin pants. By B. H. Wragge, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Woolf Brothers.

46. Short evening dress and coat, of orange printed Staron silk. By Scaasi, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin.

47. Red mohair pull-over; black kidskin pants, by Bonnie Cashin. Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; I. Magnin.

48. White Dacron batiste dress, by L'Aiglon. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's. Bright green cashmere sweater, by Dalton, at Bonwit Teller.

49. Dress and jacket of blue Belgian linen, by Ben Barrack. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Dayton's.

50. Navy-blue and white striped pull-over of knitted cotton jersey, by Smartee. White linen shorts by Evan-Picone. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's.

51. Chemise of printed Staron silk, red and orange roses, green leaves on a natural background. By Traina-Norell, at Gunther Jaeckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

52. Short evening dress, black silk chiffon over a crêpe slip, by Herbert Sondheim. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres.

53. Pink Ascher Ltd. mohair-nylon-wool coat; pink silk chiffon dress. By Ben Zuckerman, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

54. Black bathing suit knitted of nylon-and-Lastex. By Rose Marie Reid, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

55. Black silk crêpe sheath with large organdie bow. By Trigère, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin.

56. Black rayon crêpe chemise, by Harvey Berin. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz.

57. Resort news—knitted navy-and-white striped cotton top, white pleated Celanese Arnel and rayon skirt. By Junior Sophisticates, at Bendel's Young-Timers; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin.

58. Bathing suit and beach jacket, blue flowers on cotton; by Brigance of Sportsmaker. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.

59. Evening dress, black rayon organdie over taffeta, by Philip Hulitar. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's.

60. Bathing suit and skirt of red-and-black cotton, by Cole of California. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

WHEN-IN-AMERICA NOTE: *You don't absolutely have to go to Brussels to see the clothes. Many will be shown in stores, in store windows, and at fashion shows across the country, beginning this month.*

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